

The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

VOL. V., NO. 49.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1910.

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The End of the Session

The approach of Christmas has had a very appreciable effect in banishing strife from the Legislative chamber. Whether the Christmas spirit has really been getting in its work or the members simply want to be free to get back to their private occupations after the holidays, is open to conjecture. But the fact is that there has been little unnecessary squabbling during the past week and a great deal of really hard work.

The government has come through the session with a fairly safe majority at its back and there is little prospect of an early appeal to the people being made. It is certain that many of the members who supported its policy did so simply because they were called upon to choose between what appeared to them as two evils. They could not help recognizing the dangers into which the premier was leading them and the province and yet they dreaded what would happen in case everything were thrown into the melting-pot of a general election. The Saturday News is of the opinion that such temporizing cannot do them and their party any good and that when the results of Mr. Sifton's altogether unprecedented and unjustifiable legislation begin to be felt the last state of his followers will be very much worse than the first.

It has already been shown how far the passing of the premier's bill diverting the A. and G. W. funds is from being an end of the whole matter. This week two other bills were introduced by the leader of the House which were in themselves complete admission of the correctness of two of the contentions of those who have offered opposition to him.

One provided for the compensation of those who had claims against the company. But if the legislature in dealing with the company did what it had a perfect right to do, if, as the premier alleged, it was simply forcing a mortgage, what excuse is there for taking funds of the province to reimburse those who had had no dealings with the province?

The explanation is, of course, not a difficult one. The premier recognizes, as everybody else does, that his declaration about a mortgage being foreclosed, was simply a pleasant little fiction to cover up a very discreditable act, an act which is unique in Canadian political annals and which is properly designated as confiscation and nothing else. However, the funds of the company that the government is endeavoring to get possession of were intended to be used in the discharge of obligations which it had incurred and if these were to be taken away from it, these other parties with whom it had entered into contracts were bound to suffer. But the government proposes to protect them. It is willing to override a solemn contract in dealing with the company, but it will not stand by the logical consequences of its own act when it comes to consider the effect on others.

The second bill provided for raising

the amount of the A. and G. W. bond sale proceeds on the security of the general revenue of the province. The disposal of this sum provided for in the estimates, but, it is apparent, the government is by no means sure that it will be able to get hold of the money from the banks, and as law felt it necessary to introduce this supplementary bill. The province will accordingly be liable, not only on the A. and G. W. bonds, the diversion of the proceeds of which Mr. Clarke stands a very good chance of preventing.

ticularly of its finances may play in the House. He had considerable fault to find with the statement of the province's affairs up to the time when he left office, claiming that it was misleading and dishonest. He went in to details on this point at considerable length and was able to show that his contentions were well founded. In colleagues there was nothing else to justice to himself and to his former do but to make this perfectly plain. It would be distinctly unfair to load them with a responsibility in connection with their administration, beyond that which is properly coming to them.

The way in which this year's budget was taken up was full of hope for the future good government of the province. There cannot be too searching an examination of the de-

to the time of writing reappeared in the Legislature. Certainly he cannot retain his place unless he does something to meet the imputations against him. If he makes no move himself, the House must take cognizance of the charges.

THE HEROISM OF THE COMMON MAN.

The terrible mining disaster at the village of Bellevue in the Crow's Nest, in which some twenty-five young men lost their lives, is the first of its proportions in the annals of the industry in this province and it is sincerely to be hoped that it will be a long time before there is another like it. Mine owners complain from time to time of being placed at the head of the poll, regarding the restrictions that are placed upon them but it is evident that

Jasper's Note Book

The council of 1910 certainly cannot say that its efforts have not been appreciated by the citizens. One of the aldermen received the mayoralty without the necessity of an election contest and the three others who offered themselves for re-election were returned. Alderman Landy made a strong play with his park policy and now that he has had the satisfaction of being placed at the head of the poll, he should push ahead his ideas for all that they are worth. Alderman Dr-

east end. Alderman McKinley has been a good councillor and it is satisfactory to have him back. The defeat of Mr. Alex Stuart, K.C., is a matter of regret. It is not an easy matter to secure as candidates, men of his exceptional qualifications for public service. If he had been a resident of longer standing there would have been no doubt of his election. Mr. Gibbs showed himself a young man of ideas and should yet come to the fore in municipal life.

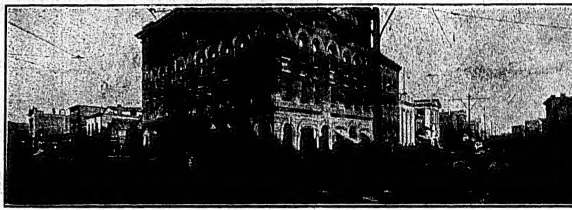
The school board elections showed the voters in the same conservative mood. Messrs. Ramsay and Clarke heading the poll. Mr. Barnes, the third man chosen, will undoubtedly prove an acquisition.

A new era was inaugurated in Strathcona affairs. The progressives carried everything before them and council which has been quite representative of the mass of the citizens in its attitude toward Edmonton, will henceforth be found pre-ferred to negotiators with a view towards accomplishing the most important object of policy before either city that of the amalgamation of the twin municipalities. There is everything to gain for both. Their interests are identical and within the next year they will become in all other respects one community. The folly of keeping up the organizations and of fostering expensive rivalries which have no reasonable basis is rapidly becoming apparent to everyone. Each fortunes must ultimately be joined. Why should they not get together with the least possible delay so that they may secure at an early date the advantages to be derived from the move? Particularly desirable is it that the union should be consummated before the taking of the Dominion census next June. There is the greatest need that the best possible working should then be made. Once the two cities agree an order, in council can give effect to their wishes. This was made clear the other day in the Legislature. Why should not negotiations be opened immediately?

Strathcona also decided on Monday in favor of Sunday cars by a vote of nearly two to one. The disability under which residents on the south bank have been placed up to the present on account of the lack of Sunday service could not last for long. The service is bound to pay well, particularly in the summer time.

The deficit in the street car department may prove a blessing in disguise in curbing the tendency to make extensions too much in advance of population. With a loss of \$36 per day on the packing plant line and \$17 on the First Street, it is absolutely necessary to go slow with other projects. The existence of the Hudson's Bay reserve makes the problem of street railway administration difficult, as it does most other civic problems. If that great unoccupied area in the city heart were filled up, a belt line could be established which would help the department's revenues very materially.

THE HUB OF THE CITY



A view from the corner of Jasper and First showing some of the buildings which have been erected during the present season. Next to the Empire block on the north side of Jasper is the Molson's Bank, with the National Trust Company's offices alongside. Further on may be seen the Merchants' Bank, the Bank of Montreal, Norwood Block and Imperial Bank. On the other side of the street are the Union Bank, facing Howard, and the Dominion at the corner of McDougall. The Blowsy-Henry building is in the distance on the north side.

Looking up First Street may be seen Moser and Ryder's new block and the King George hotel, being erected by Mr. Cristall.

ing by his appeal to Ottawa and Washington, but for a similar amount which it is raising by the latest measure. A person does not need to be a financier to realize what a glorious mix-up all this is likely to lead to.

The discussion on the budget showed that, however great the troubles from without the premier has laid up for himself by his legislation, they are by no means his only ones. Two of the members, Messrs. Shaw and Stauffer, who supported the original bill, voted against the ministry when it came to actually disposing of the funds that had been intended for the building of a railway to the north. Mr. Shaw made the statement that he had supported the A. and G. W. bill on the assurance that other arrangements would be made for the building of the road right away. These had not been carried out, hence his vote on the budget. This change reduced the majority to eight.

Mr. Rutherford's speech on the budget demonstrated how useful a role a man with the ex-premier's knowledge of the affairs of the province and par-

tails of the government's expenditure Mr. Bennett and Mr. Michener, by the attention which they gave to the various items in the estimates, when the House went into committee on supply showed that Alberta can henceforth count on having very efficient watchdogs of the treasury. The absence of this at previous sessions was a constant source of danger.

All week long the public has been looking for something to transpire in connection with the charges made in the newspapers against Mr. Cushing. After Mr. Cornwall had placed a copy of an Edmonton paper, containing them, upon the table of the House and cited a statutory provision by which the Legislature is empowered to act when, in the course of its session, one of its members is libelled, some action seemed inevitable, but Mr. Sifton declared that the House could not take notice of anonymous publications and Mr. Cushing made no move to defend himself. Soon after, he went to Calgary and it was reported that he was definitely out of politics. At the first of the week, however, he returned, but has not up-

too stringent regulations with a view safeguarding those engaged in so hazardous an occupation cannot be provided. The charge is made that in the presence of gas in the mine and of this instance warning had been given that if it had been paid proper heed to, there would have been no trouble. If this is the case, public sentiment will demand that an example be made of those responsible. A few years ago, a commission, of which the present provincial premier was chairman made an exhaustive investigation of mining conditions in the province and he should be in a particularly good position to handle the legislative and administrative problems involved.

The story of young Alderson, who in the effort to rescue some of the imprisoned miners, sacrificed himself, giving up his helmet to an unknown Italian and then being overcome by the poisonous fumes, stirs the blood and gives us a totally new conception of the innate nobility of humanity. How can a person be a misanthrope with such an incident before him. If he have ever hated all nations, profes-

McInnis is a type of the philosopher in politics. He boasts that he made no effort whatever to secure re-election and yet he was a very good third. This policy may be all right in the case of a well-known man as a doctor, but it would not work out with many others. Mr. Grindley's election was not surprising in view of the standing which he possesses in the business world and his long residence here. Mr. Gowan comes to the council as the special spokesman of

sions and communities" wrote Dean Swift. "But principally I hate and detest that animal called man." These feelings are perhaps not unnatural when one's experience is limited to men living under artificial conditions. But when they are brought to the test which a time of stress imposes, it is astonishing what a large proportion of them ring absolutely true. The dull, uninteresting fellow we knock up against every day may be the most genuine hero, only lacking the opportunity to have great, almost god-like qualities, brought to the proof.

(Continued on page eight)

WINNIPEG'S BUSINESS SECTION



The above view is of interest in connection with that presented at the top of the page. In the middle is to be seen the corner of Main and Portage, the central point of Winnipeg.

This gives some idea of what the corner of First and Jasper will look like ten years hence.



MINSTRELS IN BLOOMSBERRY

To Covent Garden people stream
To drink the music there;
We, stand along the curb and dream
To melodies more rare;
Sing out! enchanted minstrel-girl,
Thou artless, young and fair!

The 'buses of Southampton Row,
The jingling hansom here,
Bear London, heedless, to and fro
In search of evening cheer;
For us, thou art enough, dear voice
Forgetful-sweet and clear!

Our day-long toil but goes to win
Another tollsome day;
Play on, oblivious violin!
Soft harp, beseech thee, play!
And thou, pale girl with eyes aflame,
Sing on for us who stay!

—Arthur Upson, in *The Bellman*.

The other evening I happened to be sitting by one of the Judges in the Journal's Christmas Story Competition, as he sat engrossed in his work.

Speaking to him once or twice and receiving no answer, I idly picked up one of the manuscripts to see wherein lay the secret of his absorption.

Last year, quite candidly, I didn't take much interest in the contributions. There was about them an immaturity, if I may speak frankly, an unfinished, careless, frothy character that argued ill for any promise of a permanent contribution to Western Canadian literature.

They were disappointing — One gets to look for bigheartedness in this land of vast distances and tremendous potentialities.

There are so many subjects that lend themselves to story-writing in this particular part of the country that someone seemed almost bound to strike a happy note.

Prospecting, homesteading, the experiences of the inexperienced in the construction camps or in the little new-made towns along the railroads. Stories of booms and startling real-estate transactions. The romances in the lives of some of the human driftwood that is distributed in farms and towns of this greedy insatiable West land. The tragedy that stalks always where building is being done, and new trails are being blazed.

Well last year somehow everyone seemed to miff it.

In the eyes of the conglomerate flotsam and jetsam that throng our highways and by-ways, these young writers found no real inspiration; in the strange tongues they heard on every side, they caught no echo of the hope and faith that drove these men and women of foreign birth to a land of which they actually knew nothing, save only by report.

At every door and window, Opportunity knocked, but they barred the entrances, and were content to burn the midnight oil.

The literature of the West will never be written after this fashion. It must be drenched with the free air of the prairies, it must strike deep into the heart of things. It must deal with the big broad essentials of living, it must tell of hope deferred that maketh the heart sick, and men that are men, be they good or bad, and women with the makings of martyrs.

The girl with the faraway look in her eyes and the lace shawl draped coquettishly over her shoulders has no place here. Pink tea dried, and smug society utterances in such a setting will be meaningless. But the men and women facing the Why and How of existence, will rub shoulders with the man who digs in the ditch for a livin' and the who has come out here to cover graves in their hearts and lives.

The first story I picked up curiously enough turned on one of these themes. It was an Indian story, the tale of a young squaw who had to drink deep of the bitter waters of life. But the joy I took in reading that simple, beautifully-told record of a woman's love for husband and child—why it was one of the best moments of my life in the West. The next one—for I was lured on and on—was equally good literature.

Mirrored this good news to you. We have in this little crop of stories the best harvest this magnificent land has yet yielded. For it shows us that while men and women have dug and planted the soil,

they have not let their hearts and brains lie fallow.

But the smack of the West there is in the yarns is what I like most. Not Gilbert Parker's drawing-room, second-hand knowledge. Not all the mis-statements and exaggerations we have grown used to from Fly-by-Night artists, and story-writers. But the unutterable woe of hearts stretched to breaking point in the silences; the deep and abiding joy of men who once were lost and have found themselves.

Oh, I look for wonderful things in the future, from these men and women who sing of the plough, the threshing-outfit, the camp, and the natural free life, of a young and growing land.

It means a new era in the literature of the world and of Canada. It means a stemming of the backless, boneless writing that is served up in too many cases as the genuine article, and it means that the credit will be largely due where it is often begged—to a modest unpretentious newspaper, backed by a live editor who believes he has a duty to the

of course I knew it all before. But concrete incidents have ever a way of pointing a moral as no abstract facts can do.

I congratulate Mr. Jennings of the Journal on this grist from his mill, before any one else has a chance to do so, and I want to tell Mr. Henry Deby, my old friend down the line, that he has a real treat in store this Christmas, and to wish him incidentally the compliments of the season.

They do make Santa-like-looking these days in the magazines, don't



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of Heaven is not Ever There—how within ourselves.

THE REAL HOLD-UP OF A STAGE COACH.

Fact as Contrasted With Fiction.

Of all the tales of Western life there's none that differs so widely from the real thing as the tale of the stage-coach hold-up, says an old frontiersman. He is quoted in the New York Times as follows:

"The breathless reader sees vividly the outlaws lying in wait along the edge of the 'mesa'—'bluff' is too common a word to use—while the coach toils up from the 'arroyo'—so is 'gulch'—the leader, well masked in his 'poncho'—likewise is 'cloak'—carefully surveying the doomed vehicle. Then comes the attack, the killing of the driver, the wild pursuit, the slaying of the leader of the band by the brave young mining engineer, who has thrown himself in front of the beautiful millionaire's daughter just in time to save her life (and get a bullet through his arm) that she surges through to marriage, the repulse of the outlaws, etc., all plentifully garnished with mongrel Mexican terms that are never heard except on the melodrama stage or seen outside the tale aforesaid.

"Now in real life there is seldom any shooting in a stage-coach robbery. One thing is certain, the driver never gets shot. The driver is never even shot at, for he very sensibly puts up his hands, knowing how suicidal would be any attempt at resistance against armed outlaws, and he sitting up there as pretty a 'target' as one ever saw in a shooting gallery, for there would mean a runaway team—of all things what the robbers don't want; they've got enough to keep them busy, as it is. Perhaps, I cannot illustrate better what occurs at a real stage robbery than by giving you my experience when I was driving a stage through Southern Idaho in the early '80's.

"I was driving from Shoshone to Boise City, and about dusk one evening was going down the canon road that leads from Camas prairie to the headwaters of the Payette — not a settler for miles around. There was only one woman from New England, who was going out to Seattle to teach school. She had never been West of the Hudson River before.

"Now, while the country she had come from and that she was going to were civilized all right, the strip in Southern Idaho we were then traveling over was pretty wild. But I didn't say a word to her about it for fear of frightening the little thing.

"She was sitting up on the box with me and admiring the sunset tints in the Western sky, when as we swung around a bend in the canon, a man standing in the middle of the road about fifty feet ahead, with a Winchester rifle lying in the hollow of his arm, flung up his hand to me. He was the first human being we had seen since we left Shoshone at daybreak that morning though that wasn't the reason I threw my leaders back on their haunches, flung on the brake, and came to a standstill.

"Throw out the mail sack! ordered the man with the rifle.

"I reached down and flung the sack into the road.

"Better throw out the Wells-Fargo box, too, I guess," he added.

"That's all," said the man curtly, Drive on.

"I touched up the team and went bowling along merrily down the canon. There was not a word spoken for a full ten minutes. Then the young woman, turning to me, said suddenly:

"That looked a mighty lonesome place to have a post-office."



MISS ALICE KENNEDY

In The Virginia, to be presented at The Empire Theatre soon.

part of the world he lives in, outside of dishing up scandals and sensational news items.

You will be interested perhaps in hearing what factors predispose a judge in favor of a story. It has all been told before, but has been paid little heed to.

I noticed that the editor sighed a disappointed sigh as he picked up a bulky manuscript. That he smiled approvingly over a short type-written one, and that terse, short sentences and a good smart opening always found him responsive. The manner of the telling of a yarn too, seemed to carry as much weight as the originality of the material. Vague, or hackneyed expressions always exasperated him. I noticed he was always mightily taken with the yarn that had caught the fancy of the situations. One in particular, depicting, of a breathing outfit, found him nodding his head delightedly.

"This is excellent, excellent," he kept repeating. "This man knows his subject at first hand, I'll be sworn." Scarcely, unnatural situations annoyed him exceedingly, but simplicity and beautiful descriptions were open sesame to his approval and favor.

I learned a thing or two from watching this judge at first hand.

they? And they do serve up the most scrumptious Christmas fare that even the greediest gourmand could desire?

I wonder if many of you pause to consider the time and trouble that go into the making up of special number magazines, or the fine art that is required to produce such very beautiful results.

To-day my weensy-teeny daughter stretched out her arms to a Collier's Santa Claus, and wept that he would not disgorge for her, some of his treasured parcels.

A moment after, her father handed me the same magazine, to look at a drawing depicting Christmas preparations in a small village. There was the village store with muffled figures, passing in and out; the street some boys shouting as they snowballed scurrying pedestrians; there the village brass driving their very best girls, the church with the Christmas trees just being carried in at the doors; all and sundry of the phase of the season with which we are so pleasantly familiar at this time.

Then there were Missette Girls and dear knows what other distraction in the way of tempting a person to be very foolish, or to open his pocket book.

A foolish time—good gracious yet but the best kind of a time, after all. A brief period when we are taken over our eyes in a great, that the Kingdom of ourselves, when we realize, if only

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Home and Society

The unexpected has happened, and this week, far from being devoted to Christmas preparations, has turned out an exceptionally busy one socially.

On Monday Mrs. Dickey had a very enjoyable tea in her apartments at the Arlington. Wednesday Mrs. Cantley of Belton Lodge, had an afternoon bridge, and Mrs. Howard Ritchie an At Home. On Thursday Mrs. Muir Frith had a charming tea in honor of Mrs. Hal Burnham, one of the recent brides. The same night society turned out, en masse, to the amateur production of "The Liars." Friday, Mrs. James Biggar has a house-warming tea in her delightful new home, and "The Liars" again plays to a crowded house in the evening. Saturday Mrs. Frank Smith has a smart matinee bridge at the King Edward Hotel, and at night there will be a crowded assemblage of prominent society folk and music at the Kocian-Eimer recital.

Altogether it has meant a big scramble to keep one's engagements, as in addition, Mrs. Norman Soars held her first reception since her marriage on

Mrs. Garnet Morris and Mrs. Hugh Campbell presided at the tea-table, and Mrs. Dickens served the ices, while Miss Viva Sommerville, Miss McKenny, Miss Kate Lowes, and Miss Bessie Scott were four attentive assistants.

The tea-table was a lovely arrangement of pink carnations and fern, and shaded candle-lights.

If you are our Christmassing, as a matter of course you drop into Jim Mah Wal's, the little Chinese shop of quaint brasses and Chinese toys, and silks and "culios."

If you know Jim, the "vella smart" young proprietor, you know when he says "culios" that he means enticing Satsuma novelties, dainty china, ivories, and queer little secret boxes and things, that fairly make the penicils walk out of your purse.

This year too, walks sturdily about a little "Jim," answering to the name of "Pan," looking strong enough to be Peter Pan! what at four years of age, he came out to Canada with his mother, to grow up among the



ALICE KENNEDY AND EDWARD VAIL

In Carmen to be presented at the Empire Theatre.

Thursday, and being so popular a young bride, everyone was eager to call. The same day too, the first Curling Tea of the season drew its little circle of devotees. It is always the same in Edmonton, it never rains but what it pours, but somehow, some way people seem to take it all in, and be none the worse for the down-pour.

Madame Thibaudau returned on Thursday last, after a two months' sojourn at the coast, looking radiantly well for her prolonged visit to chat most lovely spot.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Lowes and Mr. W. L. Walsh, K.C., came up from Calgary on Monday morning, and were guests at the King Edward, that very popular hostelry for Legislative visitors and the cream of the travelling public.

Mons. and Madame Martin are rejoicing in the birth of a wee daughter, who arrived late last week.

Mrs. J. H. Morris was the hostess of a very jolly tea on Friday last, in honor of Mrs. Hill of Hillcrest, B.C., whose husband is one of the biggest coal magnates in the Province.

The cheery, big living-room was gayly abloom with many lovely flowers for the occasion, and looked very attractive after a walk through the brisk early-evening air.

Mrs. Morris received in a fascinating pale pink chiffon frock, with lovely lace and Paisley pattern trimmings. With her was her mother, Mrs. Jardine, very sweet and dignified in silver grey silk with lace cap and accessories, and Mrs. Hill had on an ultra smart black tailored suit, with bodice of black chiffon over green Paisley silk, her large black hat having a touch of the same green, with ermine introduced, the smart tonne ensemble being further enhanced by some magnificent Russian ermine furs and some fine jewels.

English people, his father's customers.

If the shop doesn't entice you, Pan will, and if you step inside it's all over with you. You can't resist the appealing Christmas gifts that surround you on every hand. Something for everyone, from the biggest to the weekest. It may be a beautiful Satsuma hat-pin; maybe a quaint carved elephant. The children are infatuated with the strange new toys, come away across the seas from far-away China. As gifts to send back home you could find nothing that would be more appreciated.

Jim is going to have a great big sale of silks, etc., from now until Christmas, with discounts varying from ten to forty per cent. It will mean a unique chance to possess one of these attractive Oriental wares, and doubtless Christmas eve will find Pan wondering exceedingly, at the big bunch of Canadian money that has flowed into the little store's coffers.

(Continued on page 4.)

FRED TERRY'S STEEL FLURRY.

Fred Terry, the English actor, had luncheon the other day in a company, one of whom was a well known broker, and was moved to tell the story of an experience in stocks, only he called them "shares," after the English fashion. The broker repeated the story yesterday.

Mr. Terry was interested when he learned the other was a broker. "Ah," he said, "you have large dealings in stocks, I take it. Those are the shares that have pictures of the miners and the pickaxes on the certificates, what? Ah, I thought so. Yes, steel, steel, that was it. I once took the most curious sort of flier in stocks."

"One day several years ago an English friend, a chap who did a bit of speculating now and then and who kept in touch with the market, came to me in London and said:

"Fred, have you any money?" "Not much, dear old chap," said I,

wondering whether he wanted a loan. I'm rather hard up now."

"Well, how much have you?" he persisted.

"Only five hundred quid," said I, and it was true, for it was every bally penny I had in cash. That's — let's see — ah, \$2,500.

"Can you spare it?" persisted my friend.

"I suppose so," said I after some hesitation.

"Well, then, you go and buy steels (United States Steel) at 36," he said.

"But what do I wash with the bally things?" I cried.

"Buy them and put them away and watch yourself get rich," he returned.

"Well, I wasn't very keen on the thing and I earned the matter over in my mind for some time. But I had reason to have confidence in my friend's judgment and none in my own in such a matter, so I bought that day.

A day or two later I decided to look at the stock quotations. To my annoyance steels had gone down a point or two. Fact is they kept on going down until they reached 21, and by that time I was thoroughly disgusted with my venture and decided to put the share certificates away and forget them. I intended to lock them up in my strong box and thought I had done so.

"Two years passed and I had really forgotten about those shares, until one day in London I happened to be dining in company with one of your own countrywomen and was chatting with her, when suddenly she said: 'Do you ever deal in shares?' 'Occasionally, madam,' I replied sadly, thinking of my last experience in that line.

"Well," she said, 'you ought to put all the money you can get together in steel.'

"Steel? I echoed. 'Steel! Tell me, madam, has steel the certificates that have the pictures of the men with pickaxes on them?'

"The very same," she replied.

"But good heavens, madam! I bought a lot of it two years ago. I would gladly sell what I have."

"You did buy it two years ago?" she cried. 'Then you have made a lot of money.'

"Made money? Pray tell me, are steels worth anything yet?"

"Only so or so," was the answer.

"I excused myself as quickly as I could with decency and going home, went at once to my strong box. I searched among the papers in it, but not a steel certificate was there. I looked about everywhere I could think of, but vainly. I kept watching the papers closely, and the more the bally shares, mounted the greater became my perplexity and distress, for I feared the market would break at any time and I should be as bad off as I had been. But not a trace could I get of them until one night in my dressing room in the presence of my secretary I mentioned the things and remarked how bally awkward it was to have the shares somewhere and not be able to find them.

"Oh, they have pictures of miners and pickaxes on them," I said.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, 'I have been carrying those things about in our cash box for two years. I have often wondered what they were.'

"You have been carrying them about in your cash box?" I repeated.

"Assuredly. You gave them to me one day and told me to put them in there."

"Get it out quick!" I said. He did so, and upon my word there in it, sure enough, were the certificates. I took them and went to a stockbroker's office the next morning and sold them at 94, which was top price over there. I had gained £800 (\$1,000) on my investment. When I next looked at the quotations steels had gone off. But when I met a stock broker I always think of the pictures of the miners and the pickaxes."—N.Y. Sun.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS.

A schoolboy, who had been vaccinated on the right arm, was given a tag, bearing the words, "I've been vaccinated," to tie to his coat sleeve to remind his schoolmates not to touch the tender arm. But the lad proceeded to tie the tag on his left arm. "Why?" said the doctor, "you are putting it on the wrong arm!" "No," said the boy: "you don't know the boys at our school!"

HEAR THE DIVINE MELBA SING TOSTI'S GOOD-BYE.

Also her other exquisite songs at Harmony Hall, the Edmonton House of Grand Opera Music, Rice Street, adjoining Post Office. Visitors cordially welcome.

We all need companionship of some sort.—Bishop of Knaresborough.

The People of Edmonton will find in the IMPERIAL BANK of CANADA

Well-equipped Savings Department

Accounts may be opened for small sums or large (\$1 and upwards). Interest allowed on deposits at current rate from date of deposit.

All the facilities and safety of a strong bank are at the service of our depositors.

A special room is provided for women. Married women and minors may make deposits and withdraw the same without the intervention of any person.

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Edmonton Office, Cor. McDougall & Jasper

Edmonton West End Branch, 610 Jasper West

Your Savings Account is solicited G. R. F. KIRKPATRICK, Manager

Ralph Connor's

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A new shipment of this fancy booklet has arrived and selling fast.

OUR BEST SELLERS IN NEW FICTION SO FAR ARE:

Dop Doctor by "Deban"

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Mistress of Shenston by "Barclay"

Author of the "Rosary"

Second Chance by "McClung" Author

of "Sowing Seeds in Danny"

Billy Topsail and Co. by "Duncan"

Author of "Billy Topsail"

The Frontiersman by "Cody"

The Love of the Wild by "McKishney"



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Is the Lamp of Real Beauty

because it gives the best light of all lamps. The Rayo gives a white, soft, mellow, diffused light—easy on the eye because it cannot flicker. You can use your eyes as long as you wish under the Rayo light without strain.

The Rayo Lamp is low-priced, and even though you pay \$5, \$10 or \$20 for other lamps, you may get more expensive decorations but you cannot get a better light than the low-priced Rayo gives. A strong, durable shade-holder holds the shade on firm and true. This season's new burner adds strength and appearance.

Once a Rayo User, Always One.

Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

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EDDY'S "SILENT" MATCHES

Know they make no Noise or Splutter, and have no Odor; are Quick, Safe, and Sure. Made by

THE E. B. EDDY Co. Limited

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CANADA

Ask your nearest Grocer for them.



THE STORE OF QUALITY Bread and Cakes

Everything made by machinery and baked in a thoroughly clean and sanitary manner. Visitors always welcome.

Try our
**Mothers
Bread**

There is nothing better made.
Every loaf guaranteed full weight.

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Phone 1347. 223 Jasper Avenue, E.

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COSTUMIERS

233 JASPER, WEST.

Card of thanks

S. A. Gordon Barnes wishes to thank all those who gave their support and assistance in electing him to a position on the Public School Trustee Board on Monday last.

The Jasper House
Jasper Avenue East, Edmonton

\$1.50 per day

L. A. GOODRIDGE, Proprietor

An Ideal Christmas Gift

The magnificent new 1910 edition of the Funk and Wagnall's Standard Dictionary. A few copies left. A card will bring it. Easy payments.

T. A. Burlingame,
Drawer 126,
Edmonton.

Jasper Place Sacrifice

Must sell my beautiful lots in Jasper Place at nearly what they cost 3 years ago.

Please let me explain this to you. It is no real estate scheme.

Address Box 20.
The Saturday News.

HOME AND SOCIETY

(Continued from page three.)

Mrs. Landry was the hostess of a large tea on Thursday afternoon, particulars of which I hope to give next week.

Mrs. Spratt had a large and most enjoyable euchre party on Wednesday night.

Mrs. McCrimmon gave a tea in honor of Mrs. Malcolm Mackenzie on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Blain had a merry child's party on Thursday for her daughter, Margaret's, birthday. About twenty children frolicked about, and had the loveliest kind of a time.

Mrs. Cautley's bridge party on Thursday afternoon drew together a congenial little circle, who all thoroughly enjoyed the capital game which followed. Three tables engaged in play, Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Wells being the fortunate ones who carried off the dainty prizes.

Mrs. Cautley received in a pretty frock of rose satin, with cream lace

as to let me hear from her again I promise I shall do my best for her.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert McLaughlin, Oshawa, Ont., announce the marriage of their daughter Isabel McCullough, to John Robinson Benson, eldest son of J. R. Benson, of Winnipeg.

The assembly in the Hotel Cecil on Friday evening added another to the series of these most enjoyable dances, that have helped to make this Winter a peculiarly jolly one.

Each dance seems to bring out new faces, and the grumbings heard earlier in the game that some people had been passed over, must surely have all been killed by this time.

Turner's Orchestra furnished the music, as usual, and played exceedingly well.

In such an array of beauty and pretty frocks, it is always difficult to single out any particular ones for extended comment. As usual, at Edmonton functions, the women all appealed to me as peculiarly well-dressed. Mrs. Pardee in a clinging black sequined gown, was one of the most popular partners. Mrs. Swaisland was an undoubted belle, in coarse black silk net and jet garnitures, the whole gown having that cut and cachet so different to describe, but so telling in the general effect. Mrs. Clark

low, were two of the other prettiest girls present.

Mrs. Ewing has Mrs. Harvey and Miss Harvey of Orillia as her guests. Mrs. Harvey is always a popular visitor to town, and will, I understand, visit a number of friends while here.

Mr. and Mrs. William Haward Hargrave are rejoicing in the birth of a little son, the wee boy arriving Sunday, December 11th, 1910.

Among the tempting shops at this time, very naturally must be mentioned the shops of jewels. The store where the idea-less husband flees in despair, certain that his wife will appreciate a ring or pin, a bit of cut-glass or article in silver. Here too drifts the young gallant in search of favors for his lady-love, the wife interested on some little luxury her husband craves—young mothers for dainty souvenirs for their children.

Lured in by an especially attractive window, I spent a pleasant half-hour in Mr. G. F. Watcher's jewellery store opposite the Bank of Montreal, one morning this week.

The trouble seems to me not so much to buy a tempting gift, in a shop such as this, as what to select where where there are gathered together so



SMART MODELS OF HATS FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

yoke and sleeves, and bias folds of satin, and wore some quaint pink and white aqua-marine jewels set in silver. Among others present I noticed Mrs. Harvey of Orillia in a most becoming brown costume, Mrs. Bidwell, a young bride who has moved here from Toronto with her husband, Mrs. Beckett, who leaves so shortly for London, Mrs. Moore, another comparatively newcomer and a good many of the more familiar faces one comes to look for at bridge and tea parties.

The tea-table was beautifully done in ferns and Chinette lilies, and Mrs. Bidwell and Miss Eleanor Taylor presided.

Mrs. Pardee is having a children's party this Saturday afternoon.

I regret that I have mislaid a letter received from a friend of the Mirror's, asking that I publish a poem entitled "Lasea," and—here again my memory fails me—one by Will Carleton.

I have a fairly good library myself, but I found no trace of "Lasea," and Will Carleton's verses are so fugitive, being mainly contributed to magazines and daily papers, that, if I could remember the particular poem asked for, I despair of being able to lay my hands on it.

If my correspondent will be so good

Dennis was very striking in a charming little Paris gown of figured mauve chiffon. Mrs. James Biggar was a pretty dainty figure in rich white satin and real lace. Mrs. Godfrey Pat in some lovely soft pink material with deep Dresden folds and touches of lace looked very sweet and attractive. Mrs. Marriott of Strathcona in black was very much admired. Mrs. J. D. Harrison had on a smart gown of mauve silk with Dresden trimmings and lace and looked and danced exceedingly well. Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison wore soft old rose chiffon over a lace foundation, with folds of a lovely raspberry shade on the skirt. Mrs. Hill, who came with Mrs. Morris, had on probably the handsomest gown worn, pale blue satin with an over-recess of black embroidered, and heavily encrusted with silver and jet, a really notable creation.

Among the younger set, Miss Jean Harvey, Mrs. Ewing's niece, was one of the very best dancers, and exceedingly attractive in a girlish white lace. Miss Marjory Beck was another belle, her empire gown of white chiffon over dull brown, with saucy old slippers peeping out beneath being very fetching. Pioneer little Miss Aloysia McKenny in white satin, and Miss Phyllis Barnes in primrose yel-

low, any one of which would be acceptable.

Mr. Watcher has recently doubled his store capacity, and installed a great many new fixtures and show-cases, so that there is ample room in which to show the goods effectively.

The showing of cut-glass is a peculiarly fine one, one huge case being devoted to it exclusively. There are cake plates and decanters, water-sets and exquisitely-cut tumblers, wine-glasses, olive dishes, fruit bowls, and a great many other choice, and useful articles.

One large case of sterling silver toilet requisites, boxes in which, and with a lovely design in a Greek key pattern, struck me as particularly beautiful. This is priced at \$125, and is most reasonable, considering the quality.

In silver, the list is legion. Silver mesh purses, silver picture-frames, silver table accessories such as entree dishes, candelabra, sweet dishes, and so forth. Large and small cases of silver spoons, forks and cutlery, cigarette boxes, vanity boxes, tea-sets, salts and peppers, everything that would make a table or living room the more attractive for its presence.

In jewels I saw many very beauti-

(Continued on page eight.)

Christmas Gifts

Delicious Fresh Candies

In Fancy Boxes.



50c to 6.50

Perfumes

In Bulk or Fancy Packages



25c to \$2.00

Hand Bags



75c to \$10.00

Every lady would appreciate one of our new style Leather Hand Bags—a large assortment.

Brushes



\$1.50 to \$7.00

Unless a man is bald headed he will thank the giver, 365 days a year for a pair of Military Brushes, Any kind of wood Back.

Edmonton Drug Co.

A Cigar that goes to every civilized country on the globe at Christmas time.

Our Christmas Package of LaPalma Cigars

Put up in 10's and 25's

For sale by all first class dealers.

H. V. SHAW, Manufacturer, Edmonton.

SNAP!

A cash payment of \$2,000 will purchase a property producing \$65.00 per month. Balance of purchase price (\$4,000) can be spread over four years.

F. C. Lowes & Co.

28 Jasper Ave. East

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JAS. LAWRENCE
Manager

REMINISCENCES OF GOLDWIN SMITH.

A rare picture of the old and the new is presented in "Reminiscences of Goldwin Smith."

The earliest recollections of the author were of the watchman calling the hour of the night in his native town of Reading; of mail coaches travelling on the Bath road "at the marvellous rate of twelve miles an hour"; of the tolling of the curfew from the tower of old St. Lawrence Church; of the Radical member for the borough 'with a curious little hat stuck on his powdered head'; of his nurse lighting the fire with the tinder box; of a social circle in which a retired admiral who had fought under

Nelson, and a veteran general of the Peninsula and Waterloo formed a part.

"From this state of things I have lived (the bulk of the "Reminiscences" began after the author had passed his 75th year) into an age of express trains, ocean greyhounds, electricity, and general excitement and restlessness." Between the state of things pictured in the beginning and that portrayed at the end there is only a single life time. "Yet I feel as if I were writing of antiquity. Which is the train rushing and where will the terminus be?"

One of the witticisms of the circles which witnessed with understanding the beginning of the great author's life

time is at the expense of Hallam. "The historian was so given to contradiction it was said he had once got out of bed at night to contradict the watchman's statement of the hour and the weather, and Sydney Smith declared that the chief use of the electric telegraph would be "to enable Hallam to contradict a man in Birmingham."

One of the sturdy oaks that refused to change with the changing times was the Provost of Eton. Against change of any kind this venerable antique so completely set his face that it is said he would not open letters carried to him by rail until the end of the time in which they might have reached him by stage.

Judgments on Old World Notables. The judgments passed on, and the stories told of the eminent and mighty

of a past generation in the "Reminiscences" are not unlikely to cause some ruffling of feathers. Hayward, the essayist, is quoted as saying that Pitt's last words were not, "Oh, my country"; but, "I think I could eat one of Bellamy's meat pies." "Canonized for his virtues when he died the Prince Consort." we are told, "while he lived was unpopular on account of his manner, particularly with women; he had, in his final perfection, the condescending manner of German royalty."

The late Queen Victoria on her marriage day "was dumpy, but comely, with a fresh complexion, low forehead, receding chin and prominent eyes." But, "notwithstanding her dumpyness she acquired a queenly bearing." In her later years, we are further told, "she was made the object of extravagant adulation; she

was a good and domestically exemplary but in no way extraordinary woman."

KOCIAN, THE GREAT VIOLINIST.

Jaroslav Kocian, the most attractive of the many gifted Bohemian violinists, will be accorded the honor of being the first great violin soloist here this season. Kocian's art is unique, he realizes all the emotional values of the compositions he plays, as if he would invite his hearers to listen with him to the music, not to admire his very remarkable tonal and technical achievements or to wonder at his capacity for emotional excitement. The present demand for seats for the Kocian-Eisner Concert, on this Saturday

evening, the 17th, at the Separate School Hall will make the Concert a very great success.

Mr. George H. Suckling, in his enterprise in bringing Kocian to Edmonton, deserves the support of all our music-loving people.

"The Trail of '68" by Robert W. Service. There is a stock of these and Service's other books at Little's Book Store.



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Only one week more and you will kick yourself afterward for not making an appointment early.

Our studio is open day and night. It is just as easy for us to take photos at night as in the day time. We are doing beautiful work for the holiday trade this year, as we have the modern methods of developing and finishing photos.

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times from those who are negative of yours
would make a great hit with your friends.
Come around and see how we have
some selections and some half albums
for your friends.

Papen - May 6, 1911.
Howard - Clyde etc.

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W. B. SHERMAN, Manager,
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ONE NIGHT ONLY
Saturday, December 17
(By Special Request.)

"The Travelling Salesman"

All Wool and a Yard Wide.

Prices — Evenings, Reserved
seats 75c. and \$1.00; Gallery
50c. Matinees: Children 25c.
Adults 50c.
Evenings 8.30, Matinees 2.30.

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"Home of Musical Comedy."
HUNT'S MUSICAL COMEDY
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Presents
The Latest Comedy Success

"The Devil Up-to-Date"

Two Performances Nightly.
Matinee Tuesday and Saturday.

Prices — Evenings, 35c., 50c.
Matinee, 25c., 10c.

A Brilliant Display of Gifts

Have you seen our display? It is worth any one's while just to come in and see what really constitutes the latest ideas in personal adornment for ladies of all ages.

Broaches

14k Gold Broaches, from \$2.00 up. Solid gold diamond set broaches of the finest water and most beautiful designs of settings, from \$28 up. Others are set with very happy combinations of stones.

Diamonds

Amethysts, Rubies, Pearls, Peridots, Amazonites Turquoise, etc. As we have enlarged our store we are in a better shape than ever to show a much larger and finer stock than we have ever had before.

We engrave all goods free of charge. Also on a small cash payment we will lay aside any article you may wish. We are open every night until after Christmas.

G. F. WATCHER, -

124 JASPER EAST
PHONE 1647



HASSAN

Cork Tipped

Cigarettes

The Oriental Smoke

Ten for ten cents

Smokers have caught on to their low price
and fine quality

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

A bishop came to visit a church where a colored minister was presiding. Loudly and with much gesticulation the preacher proclaimed Salvation. When he had finished, he approached the bishop and asked how he liked the sermon.

The bishop answered: "Why, pretty well; but don't you think you spoke too loudly?"

"Well," said the preacher, "It's this way: what I lack in lightning I try to make up in thunder."

A little fellow listened open-mouthed to the description of a railroad accident in which a man was very seriously injured. When one of the family remarked, "I think he could get damages from the railroads," the little chap was puzzled and broke out with: "But father, hasn't he got damages enough now?"

Self-conquest lies in obedience, obedience lies in knowledge.—Clodd.

It is a great thing to be satisfied with what we have.—Edward Bok.

"Wine was sent to make glad
the heart of man."

Christmas Wines

We have made special effort this season to take care of the heavy Christmas trade. Our stock of wines comprises the choicest brands the market produces. Our own personal guarantee accompanies our goods

**Claret, Maderia,
Port, Sherry,
Burgundy,
Moselle.**

Fine Scotch Whiskies

**Edmonton Wine &
Spirit Company**

Phone 1911

THE INVESTOR

Hon. Duncan Marshall, in speaking in the Legislature this week, made the calculation that there are at least 385,000 people in Alberta and that, with present prospects there should be no doubt whatever about the 400,000 mark being turned by the time of the next Dominion census in June, 1911. This is the figure at which the publicity department under his direction has been aiming and he and his associates do not intend to take any chances but go ahead with a very active campaign all through the winter and spring.

When it is considered that in 1906 the province had but 150,000 people and that in what is now Alberta there were only about 70,000 in 1901, such growth is, perhaps, the most remarkable that the continent has ever seen. It is particularly striking in view of the fact that we are only now beginning to see railway development on a very large scale and without this we know how impossible it is for a country to realise its possibilities.

The Mayor of Edmonton estimated the other day that the city contained at the present time at least 30,000 people. Those who have been in a position to form an opinion, men like the electric light superintendent and the heads of other city departments supplying different services, fully bear out what the mayor says: Nor can one play the part of merely a casual observer and walk and drive about without realising how rapid has been the influx. The decision of the Strathcona ratepayers on Monday when a council was returned that is favorable to taking up the question of amalgamation means much. All those who have property in the two cities should exert themselves to have this result brought about before the census next June, for if the greater city could then show a population of well up to 40,000, where in 1901 Edmonton itself had only 2,700 and in 1906, 11,000, the effect would be excellent.

There is nothing succeeds like success and a good showing on this occasion will mean very much to the cause of development within the next decade. Strathcona property owners would benefit most of all. It is worth something to be part of a city which has received the world-wide advertising that has come to Edmonton.

To say that a property or a business enterprise is located near Edmonton or across the river from Edmonton is a very much different proposition to a man at a distance than if he is told that it is actually in Edmonton. I had a conversation during the past summer with a man whose business it is to handle securities and he told me of the difficulty that he had in explaining to customers the position of Strathcona. Anything with the name Edmonton attached appealed to them immediately, but, though he drew diagrams to show that Edmonton and Strathcona were to all intents and purposes one place and were bound to become one place in actuality before long, they fought shy of the smaller city.

Despite the cold weather, activity at the immigration hall and the land office continues in a most remarkable way. There can be no doubt that the good year which all this part of the country had in 1910 has become well noised abroad and that we are to see a very large movement in the spring. The situation from a general western standpoint is also satisfactory. Obed Smith, the Dominion commissioner at London, states that 30,000 Scottish agricultural laborers will come out next year, while the London Outlook had this observation to make:—

"The latest statistics of Canadian immigration will be disquieting to any one who has faith in a genuine revival of British agriculture. Scotland especially, is being drained of all the best elements in its rural population. Formerly the man who could not get on at home drifted to the colonies in search of a situation. Now it is the small farmer with capital who is seeking the wider opportunity for investment offered by the Dominion."

From Ottawa comes the news of the formation of a \$500,000 company to deal in real estate in all parts of the Dominion. Headed by Mr. M. I. O'Brien, the widely-known Renfrew mining operator, the board of directors includes R. M. Devlin of Ottawa, Hal McGivern, M.P., the Ottawa Liberal member in the House of Commons; Mr. John Gleason, a prominent citizen of Ottawa, and Mr. Frank S. Cahill of Saskatoon.

An application for a charter for the company is now before Parliament.

and it is expected to have everything ready to begin operations within a few months.

The real estate situation continues to show activity. A sale at \$1,000 per foot is reported on the south side of Jasper between Fourth and Fifth, and a refusal of that figure on First Street in the first block off Jasper. The Elzer block on McDougall, known as McDougall court, has become the property of Dawson and Hyndman, at a price said to be in excess of \$60,000. Three large buildings are being projected for First Street. Robert Fegler intends to put up a six story structure, which will house a departmental store, on the south east corner of First and Elizabeth, while Crafts, Lee and Gallinger propose to put up a building that will cost in the neighborhood of \$200,000 on the northwest corner of Peace. On the same side of First and a little closer to Jasper, Thomas Blackburn intends to build.

F. C. Lowes has purchased the South-east corner of First and Rice Streets for the sum of \$30,000. The property has a frontage of 60 ft. on First Street and 78 ft. on Rice Street. Interest on the Great Estate and Ingwood is growing rapidly. F. C. Lowes and Co. have put through several sales on these sub-divisions during the past ten days and are reported to have a number of others under way. This firm is about to place on the market what they describe as an exceptionally attractive sub-division property.

Full details will probably be available in a week's time.

The Winnipeg Commercial has this to say regarding the growth of bank clearings, with particular reference to that in Edmonton:

"One would imagine that the bank clearings this fall would have difficulty in reaching the figures of a year ago, since this year we have had such a hue and cry about poor crops. Results talk, however, and it is gratifying to note that the Winnipeg bank clearings for November just passed were eleven million dollars in advance of those for November of last year. "It is not so much that \$11,000,000 is so great, it is when we look at the percentage, and also at the fact that so many did not look for such encouragement."

"The total for November, 1909, was \$11,659,351; this last November the total was \$12,717,819. Bank clearings are recognized to be a good indication of the business situation, and we would ask our readers to note the progress of these figures, if they do not realise the country's progress."

"There are even greater advances in other western cities than in those of Winnipeg. Take, for instance, the case of Vancouver, the brilliant city. The increase of the past November over November, 1909, was about \$9,500,000, but while this increase is

not as large as that of Winnipeg, we must consider the percentage. The totals for November, 1909 and 1910, respectively, in Vancouver were \$32,572,215 and \$42,041,230. It can be seen from this that the percentage of increase in Vancouver is even greater than that of Winnipeg."

"But wait till we see the case of Edmonton. The clearings there nearly doubled, the amounts for November of this year and November of last year being \$82,026,620 and \$42,228,818 respectively. Just imagine that percentage. There are big things going on in this west of ours. Other western cities also show splendid growth in this respect. The optimism of these western provinces is not mere 'boasting.' All anyone need do to be convinced is to look at the official figures."

A problem that is of considerable interest to cities with fast increasing real estate values, even though they have not the pretensions of the American metropolis, has been discussed a good deal of late in New York. Long term leases of real estate have not heretofore been popular there. They have been inexpedient for several reasons, the chief of which is that when an owner surrenders his property at a fixed uniform rent he parts with the right of benefiting by its increase in value, an increase which in a growing city is likely to be very great in the course of a long period. At present, however, owing to the size and cost of the modern types of buildings going up in Manhattan, even wealthy ground owners find it difficult to supply the capital needed for improving their land. Prospective builders, too, find difficulty in getting land by purchase when in a large part of the borough sites are rarely appraised at less than \$100,000. Hence long term leases are becoming a frequent necessity.

Not only have they increased in numbers of late, but a deal of ingenuity has been exercised in attempting to arrive at an equitable distribution of profits between owner and lessee. The most novel device is a provision that the rent shall be a certain percentage of the lessee's gross income from the business which he conducts on the premises. A more common agreement calls for a readjustment of the rent at short intervals. With a fair division of profits, the tendency is encouraged of extending the term of the lease. The

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That Hacking Cough

It will get worse instead of better unless you do something to cure it.

MATHIEU'S SYRUP

of Tar and Cod Liver Oil



Will promptly cure coughs, colds, grippe & all troubles arising from exposure and a run down system.

Keep it in the house at all times, ready for emergencies.

Large bottle 35 cents; all dealers.

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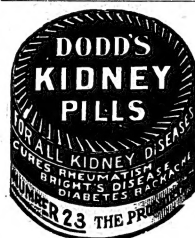
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When wanting your next sack of flour ask for our "WHITE ROSE"

Fancy Patent Flour Handled by all grocers and Flour Dealers. Every sack guaranteed

Ca mpbell & Ottoewell



Nothing succeeds like success and nothing makes money like money—except real estate. A well-chosen lot in Edmonton may prove the stepping stone to undreamt of riches in the years to come.

Edmonton real estate will bring you a bigger return than any loan company, bank or commercial undertaking. Its value rests with every tick of the clock.

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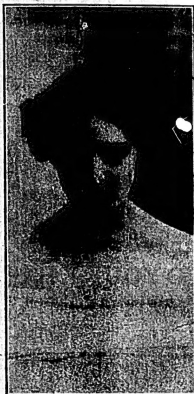
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(Continued on page eight)

HEAR HARRY LAUDER SING
HIS INIMITTABLE SCOTTISH
SONGS AT HARMONY
HALL.

Owing to Harry Lauder's existing contracts in the Old Country, he will not be able to fill an Edmonton engagement for another year. However, the many thousands of his admirers can, meantime, have the satisfaction of hearing him at Harmony Hall, in his Scottish and humorous songs, on the Magnificent Victrola. It is said that to hear Lauder's songs on the Victrola is even better than hearing him personally, as one catches so clearly his Scottish accent and that inimitable burr which is Lauder's specialty. Visitors to Harmony Hall, the Geo. H. Suckling Piano Warerooms, 137-9 Rice Street, will be cordially welcome.

Ramsay's Floral Gifts

There is always a scarcity of flowers at Christmas.

This year all florists expect greater shortage than ever owing to lack of sunshine and increased demand. By refusing all wholesale orders from outside points we expect to be able to supply our local demand.

We have thousands of the Lily of the Valley, Paper white Narcissus and Roman Hyacinth which will be in excellent condition next week.

Our Carnations are headed with bloom.

Hundreds of Azaleas, Ferns and Primulas.

Finest English Holly and Mistletoe

Our Greenhouses are open in the evenings, giving you an opportunity to view our display and make your selection.

Our prices are very low.

Roses	\$2.00 to \$4.00	per doz.
Carnations	\$1.50 to \$2.50	
Lily of the Valley	\$1.00	
Paper White Narcissus	\$1.00	
Roman Hyacinths	75c	
Azaleas	\$3.00 to \$5.00	each
Primulas	35c to 50c	each
Fancy Baskets of Plants	\$1.00 to \$10.00	each
Finest English Holly	\$1.00	per lb
Evergreen Wreathing	10cts	a yard
Mistletoe	\$1.00	per pound

Walter Ramsay
Florist

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VICTORIA & 11th St.



SCENE FROM THE TRAVELLING SALESMAN
To be Presented Saturday Night at the Empire Theatre.

PA'S FAILING FACULTIES.

Pa paid six dollars for a hat; ma thinks he's lost his mind; It's lined with silk, and one of those brown, softish, woolly kind; He brought it home the other night and kept it on a while; Before she found out what it cost ma kind of liked its style; But when pa told her what he paid she sank down in a chair, And said: "Pa, every day you get more foolish, I declare.

"I shouldn't think," she said, "that you would waste your cash like that! Nobody but a fool would pay six dollars for a hat!

The children need new overcoats; their shoes are shabby, too; Sometimes you make it hard for me to keep respectin' you; Think of the many ways I try to save day after day; And here you go and waste your cash in such a foolish way.

"If we had millions, I should be the last one to complain. But here we live from hand to mouth—it's just a constant strain!"

I must deny myself the things I often wish I had.

And then you buy a hat like that—it simply is too bad! Six dollars merely thrown away! It fills me with the blues—Six dollars for a hat. Enough to buy two pairs of shoes!"

Pa sat and listened for a while as though he felt ashamed. And pretty soon he says: "Well, I'll admit I should be blamed. Six dollars for a hat's too much; I'll take it back—but say, How much did that one cost that you brought home the other day?" Ma left the room and we could see a tear roll down her cheek; She's worried over pa and thinks his mind is gettin' weak.

Chicago Record Herald.

It is not easy to see how the country will benefit by the payment of members of parliament. But the proposition is almost certain to go through, because, while it is to the advantage of many people to support it, it is not the business of anybody in particular to oppose it—Black and White.



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We are the only firm
that does so

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Piano Department—Miss J. McIsaac.

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VIOLIN VIRTUOSO
EDMONTON
SATURDAY Dec. 17

In only one
GRAND CONCERT
SEPARATE SCHOOLS HALL
supported by Her Majesty's Eldest
the distinguished German Pianist
and others.
Scale 31 and 32. Piano open
at Harmony Hall the Geo. H.
Suckling Warerooms for the
Pianos of Nordmeyer, Stein,
Ways and Sons, Lansdowne and
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Cigarettes

The Oriental Smoke

Ten for ten cents

Smokers have caught on to their low price
and fine quality

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

A bishop came to visit a church where a colored minister was presiding. Loudly and with much gesticulation the preacher proclaimed Salvation. When he had finished, he approached the bishop and asked how he liked the sermon.

The bishop answered: "Why, pretty well; but don't you thing you spoke too loud?"

"Well," said the preacher, "It's this way: what I lack in lightning I tries to make up in thunder."

A little fellow listened open-mouthed to the description of a railroad accident in which a man was very seriously injured. When one of the family remarked, "I think he could get damages from the railroads," the little chap was puzzled and broke out with, "But father, hasn't he got damages enough now?"

Self-conquest lies in obedience, obedience lies in knowledge.—Clodd.

It is a great thing to be satisfied with what we have.—Edward Bok.

"Wine was sent to make glad
the heart of man."

Christmas Wines

We have made special effort this season to take care of the heavy Christmas trade. Our stock of wines comprises the choicest brands the market produces. Our own personal guarantee accompanies our goods

**Claret, Maderia,
Port, Sherry,
Burgundy,
Moselle.**

Fine Scotch Whiskies

**Edmonton Wine &
Spirit Company**
Phone 1911

THE INVESTOR

Hon. Duncan Marshall, in speaking in the Legislature this week, made the calculation that there are at least 385,000 people in Alberta and that, with present prospects there should be no doubt whatever about the 400,000 mark being turned by the time of the next Dominion census in June, 1911. This is the figure at which the publicity department under his direction has been aiming and he and his associates do not intend to take any chances but go ahead with a very active campaign all through the winter and spring.

When it is considered that in 1906 the province had but 180,000 people and that in what is now Alberta there were only about 70,000 in 1901, such growth is, perhaps, the most remarkable that the continent has ever seen. It is particularly striking in view of the fact that we are only now beginning to see railway development on a very large scale and without this we know how impossible it is for a country to realise its possibilities.

The Mayor of Edmonton estimated the other day that the city contained at the present time at least 30,000 people. Those who have been in a position to form an opinion, men like the electric light superintendent and the heads of other city departments supplying different services, fully bear out what the mayor says. Nor can one play the part of merely a casual observer and walk and drive about without realising how rapid has been the influx. The decision of the Strathcona ratepayers on Monday when a council was returned that is favorably taking up the question of amalgamation means much. All those who have property in the two cities should exert themselves to have this result brought about before the census next June, for if the greater city could then show a population of well up to 40,000, where in 1906 Edmonton itself had only 2,700 and in 1907 11,000, the effect would be excellent. There is nothing succeeds like success and a good showing on this occasion will mean very much to the cause of development within the next decade. Strathcona property owners would benefit most of all. It is worth something to be part of a city which has received the world-wide advertising that has come to Edmonton.

To say that a property or a business enterprise is located near Edmonton or across the river from Edmonton is a very much different proposition to a man at a distance than if he is told that it is actually in Edmonton.

I had a conversation during the past summer with a man whose business it is to handle securities and he told me of the difficulty that he had in explaining to customers the position of Strathcona. Anything with the name Edmonton attached appealed to them immediately, but, though he drew diagrams to show that Edmonton and Strathcona were to all intents and purposes one place and were bound to become one place in actuality before long, they fought shy of the smaller city.

Despite the cold weather, activity at the immigration hall and the land office continues in a most remarkable way. There can be no doubt that the good year which all this part of the country had in 1910 has become well noised abroad and that we are to see a very large movement in the spring. The situation from a general western standpoint is also satisfactory. Obed Smith, the Dominion commissioner at London, states that 30,000 Scottish agricultural laborers will come out next year, while the London Outlook had this observation to make:—

"The latest statistics of Canadian immigration will be disquieting to any one who has faith in a genuine revival of British agriculture. Scotland, especially, is being drained of all the best elements in its rural population. Formerly the man who could not get on at home drifted to the colonies in search of a situation. Now it is the small farmer with capital who is seizing the wider opportunity for investment offered by the Dominion."

From Ottawa comes the news of the formation of a \$500,000 company to deal in real estate in all parts of the Dominion. Headed by Mr. M. J. O'Brien, the widely-known Renfrew mining operator, the board of directors includes R. M. Deslin of Ottawa, Hal McGivern, M.P., the Ottawa Liberal member in the House of Commons; Mr. John Glasco, a prominent citizen of Ottawa, and Mr. Frank S. Cahill of Saskatoon.

An application for a charter for the company is now before Parliament

and it is expected to have everything ready to begin operations within a few months.

The real estate situation continues to show activity. A sale at \$1,000 per foot is reported on the south side of Jasper between Fourth and Fifth, and a refusal of that figure on First Street in the first block off Jasper. The Eller block on McDougall, known as McDougall court, has become the property of Dawson and Hyndman, at a price said to be in excess of \$50,000. Three large buildings are being projected for First Street. Robert Tegler intends to put up a six storey structure, which will house a departmental store, on the south east corner of First and Elizabeth, while Crafts, Lee and Gallinger propose to put up a building that will cost in the neighborhood of \$200,000 on the northwest corner of Peace. On the same side of First and a little closer to Jasper, Thomas Blackburn intends to build.

F. C. Lowes has purchased the South-east corner of First and Rice Streets for the sum of \$50,000. The property has a frontage of 60 ft. on First Street and 78 ft. on Rice Street.

Interest on the Great Estate and Inland is growing rapidly. F. C. Lowes and Co. have put through several sales on these sub-divisions during the past ten days and are reported to have a number of others under way. This firm is about to place on the market what they describe as an exceptionally attractive sub-division property.

Full details will probably be available in a week's time.

The Winnipeg Commercial has this to say regarding the growth of bank clearings, with particular reference to that in Edmonton:

"One would imagine that the bank clearings this fall would have difficulty in reaching the figures of a year ago, since this year we have had such a hue and cry about poor crops. Results talk, however, and it is gratifying to note that the Winnipeg bank clearings for November last passed eleven million dollars in advance of those for November of last year."

"It is not so much that \$11,000,000 is so great, it is when we look at the percentage, and also at the fact that so many did not look for such encouragement."

"The total for November, 1909, was \$16,569,351; this last November the total was \$12,717,819. Bank clearings are recognised to be a good indication of the business situation, and we would ask our readers to note the progress of these figures, if they do not realise the country's progress."

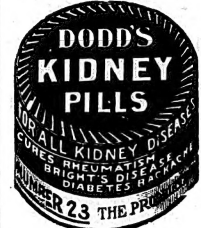
"There are even greater advances in other western cities than in those of Winnipeg. Take, for instance, the case of Vancouver, the brilliant coast city. The increase of the past November over November, 1909, was about \$9,500,000, but while this increase is

not as large as that of Winnipeg, we must consider the percentage. The totals for November, 1909 and 1910, respectively, in Vancouver were \$21,572,215 and \$24,041,230. It can be seen from this that the percentage of increase in Vancouver is even greater than that of Winnipeg."

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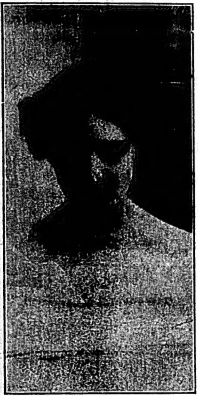
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SONGS AT HARMONY
HALL.

Owing to Harry Lauder's existing contracts in the Old Country, he will not be able to fill an Edmonton engagement for another year. However, the many thousands of his admirers can, meantime, have the satisfaction of hearing him at Harmony Hall, in his Scottish and humorous songs, on the Magnificent Victrola. It is said that to hear Lauder's songs on the Victrola is even better than hearing him personally, as one catches so clearly his Scottish accent and that inimitable burr which is Harry Lauder's specialty. Visitors to Harmony Hall, the Geo. H. Suckling Piano Warehouses, 137-9 Rice Street, will be cordially welcome.

Ramsay's Floral Gifts

There is always a scarcity of flowers at Christmas.

This year all florists expect greater shortage than ever owing to lack of sunshine and increased demand.

By refusing all wholesale orders from outside points we expect to be able to supply our local demand.

We have thousands of the Lily of the Valley, Paper white Narcissus and Roman Hyacinth which will be in excellent condition next week.

Our Carnations are headed with bloom.

Hundreds of Azaleas, Ferns and Primulas.

Finest English Holly and Mistletoe

Our Greenhouses are open in the evenings, giving you an opportunity to view our display and make your selection.

Our prices are very low.

Roses	\$2.00 to \$4.00 per doz.
Carnations	\$1.50 to \$2.50
Lily of the Valley	\$1.00 - - - - .
Paper White Narcissus	\$1.00
Roman Hyacinths	75c - - - - .
Azaleas	\$3.00 to \$5.00 each
Primulas	35c to 50c each
Fancy Baskets of Plants	\$1.00 to \$10.00 each
Finest English Holly	\$1.00 per lb
Evergreen Wreathing	10cts a yard
Mistletoe	\$1.00 per pound

Walter Ramsay
Florist

PHONE 1292

VICTORIA & 11th St.



SCENE FROM THE TRAVELLING SALESMAN
To be Presented Saturday Night at the Empire Theatre.

PA'S FAILING FACULTIES.

Pa paid six dollars for a hat; ma thinks he's lost his mind; It's lined with silk, and one of those brown, softish, woolly kind; He brought it home the other night and kept it on a while; Before she found out what it cost ma kind of liked its style; But when pa told her what he paid she sank down in a chair, And said: "Pa, every day you get more foolish, I declare.

"I shouldn't think," she said, "that you would waste your cash like that! Nobody but a fool would pay six dollars for a hat! The children need new overcoats; their shoes are shabby, too; Sometimes you make it hard for me to keep respectin' you; Think of the many ways I try to save day after day; And here you go and waste your cash in such a foolish way."

"If we had millions, I should be the last one to complain. But here we live from hand to mouth—it's just a constant strain!

I must deny myself the things I often wish I had.

And then you buy a hat like that—it simply is too bad!

Six dollars merely thrown away! It fills me with the blues—

Six dollars for a hat. Enough to buy two pairs of shoes!"

Pa sat and listened for a while as though he felt ashamed.

And pretty soon he says: "Well, I'll admit I should be blamed;

Six dollars for a hat's too much; I'll take it back—but say,

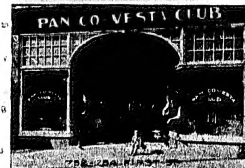
How much did that one cost that you brought home the other day?"

Ma left the room and we could see a tear roll down her cheek;

She's worried over pa and thinks his mind is gettin' weak.

Chicago Record Herald.

It is not easy to see how the country will benefit by the payment of members of parliament. But the proposition is almost certain to go through, because, while it is to the advantage of many people to support it, it is not the business of anybody in particular to oppose it—Black and White.



WE POSITIVELY
GUARANTEE OUR
DYE WORK

We are the only firm
that does so

PHONE - - 2270

Edmonton School of Music

Suite 16, McDougall Court, McDougall Avenue.

Vocal Department—Miss Penelope Davies.

Mr. E. Butterworth.

Piano Department—Miss J. McIsaac.

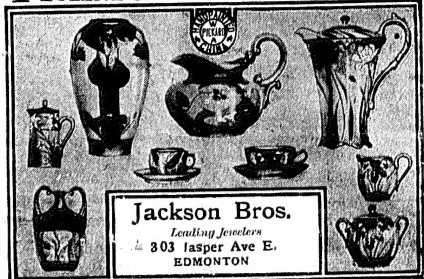
W. H. Watts, Managing Director

Violin Department—Mr. Thos. Irving.

PHONE 2554.

P.O. Box 574.

Pickard Hand Painted China



Jackson Bros.

Leading Jewelers
303 Jasper Ave. E.
EDMONTON

Concert Direction
Gen. H. Suckling
1910-Season-1911
Proclaimed Throughout
Europe as the

'Second Paginini'

Kocian

The Renowned Bohemian
VIOLIN VIRTUOSO
EDMONTON
SATURDAY DEC. 17

In only one
GRAND CONCERT
SEPARATE SCHOOL HALL,
supported by the finest
the distinguished German Pianist
and others.
Seats \$1 and \$2. Plan now open
at Harmony Hall the Geo. H.
Suckling Warehouses for the
Pianos of Nordiska, Stein,
Ways and Sons, Laidowsky and
Itales Bros.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

WESTERN EXCURSIONS

SINGLE FARE

Plus \$2.00 for the Round Trip

From all stations in Ontario, Port Arthur and West, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, to

VANCOUVER VICTORIA and WESTMINSTER

Tickets on sale December 15, 16 and 17, 1910; January 20, 21, 22 and 23, and February 14, 15 and 16, 1911; good to return within three months from date of issue.

Apply to nearest C. P. Ry. Agent for full information.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

ANNUAL EASTERN CANADA EXCURSIONS

Low Round Trip Rates to ONTARIO, QUEBEC and MARITIME PROVINCES

Tickets on sale Dec. 1 to Dec 31, inclusive, good to return within three months.

Tickets issued in connection with Atlantic Steamships will be on sale from Nov. 21 and limited to five months from date of issue. Finest Equipment. Standard First Class and Tourist Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars on all Through Trains. Accommodation - Library - Observation Car on "Imperial Limited."

3-Through Trains Daily-3

THE "TORONTO EXPRESS" leaves Winnipeg daily at 22.10, making connections at Toronto for all points East and West thereof.

The "Imperial Limited" leaves Winnipeg daily at 8.30, and the "Atlantic Express" at 10.00 daily, making connections at Montreal for all points East thereof.

Apply to the nearest C. P. Ry. Agent for full information.

LOW FARES

UNITED STATES VIA THE CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

For the Round Trip from stations in Saskatchewan and Alberta

DULUTH, Min. ST. PAUL, Min. MINNEAPOLIS, Wis. MILWAUKEE, Wis. CHICAGO, Illinois

Tickets on sale daily December 1st to 31st, 1910, inclusive. Three months limit. Privilege of extension. Direct lines. Through trains. Full information from W. C. DODDS, City Pass & Tkt. Agt. C. N. Ry., 115 Jasper Ave. E., Phone 1712, Edmonton, Alta.

Turner's Orchestra
For Dances, etc.
785 Fourteenth Street
Phone 2033

BORN.
Hargrave—At 723 Fourteenth St. on Sunday December 11, 1910, to Mr. and Mrs. William Howard Hargrave, a son.
"Sowing Seeds in Danny" can now be had in cheap form at Little's, in the original bindings.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

(Continued from page seven.)

Since this department was written last week, Dr. Harris of Ottawa, whose enterprise was referred to then, has visited Edmonton and succeeded in awakening not a little interest in his project. The members of the Board of Trade have agreed to help it along by arranging a suitable reception to the visitors. As Dr. Harris explained to them, a large proportion of the men comprising the Sheffield choir are business men, whose object in taking the trip so far away from home is not wholly an artistic one. They are enthusiastic musicians but are glad of the opportunities which they receive in this way to enlarge their knowledge of commercial conditions and possibilities throughout the Empire.

As the Saturday News goes to press, much interest is being manifested in the first production of Henry Arthur Jones' splendid comedy, "The Liars," by the Edmonton amateurs at the Empire on Thursday and Friday evenings. A first-class production, in view of the reputation which they have established by their other ventures, is looked for.

DRAMATIC INCIDENTS.

I've seen dramatic incidents
In shows that cost me thirty cents

EXCURSIONS

to
Eastern Canada
Daily—During December
Three Months Limit
Round Trip Privileges
Via
ST. PAUL OR DULUTH AND
CHICAGO
and
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
System

The Double Track Route
REDUCED FARES

For Steamship Passengers
Five Months' Limit
Nov. 1st to Dec. 31st.

Write for full particulars
A. E. DUFF,
General Agent Pass. Dept.
250 Portage Ave. Winnipeg, Man.

Canadian Northern Ry.

DECEMBER EXCURSIONS

to
Eastern Canada
Ontario, Quebec and Eastern
Provinces at
VERY LOW FARES
First Class Tickets—Stop Overs
Limit Three Months
Tickets on Sale at All Stations

CHOICE OF ROUTES

Tickets on Sale November 11th to
December 31st, 1910, to
Old Country and Europe

Apply to
W. C. DODDS
City Passenger and Ticket Agent
115 Jasper Ave. E. Phone 1712
Edmonton - - - - - Alta.

Christmas and New Year EXCURSIONS

Via the



FARE AND ONE THIRD FOR ROUND TRIP

between all stations on the Canadian Northern Railway

Tickets on sale.
Full information from
W. C. DODDS
City Pass & Tkt. Agt. C. N. Ry.
115 Jasper Ave. East
Phone 1712
Edmonton - - - - - Alta.

And shows that cost one-and-a-half. Some made me weep, some made me laugh.

I've seen the villain slugged in jail
Without a friend to go his bail
And when the act was done, somehow
Come out of jail and make his bow!

I've seen the pale young heroine
Who had escaped the lures of sin
And saved her poor old father's hide
While all were watching, tearful-eyed—

I've seen her leap from a high cliff
And heard the bass drum go ker-biff!
Then up the curtain came, and she
Bowed calmly there for all to see.

I've seen the hero say farewell,
And stop a moment just to tell
How far away he meant to go
To win some wealth and fame, you know.

I've seen him leave the old home place

While tears were running down each face—

And in a minute he returned

To "take the call" for which he yearned.

But, best of all, I saw last week

The incident of which I'll speak,
Poor Shakespeare's work was being done—

The curtain quickly down was run;
Then up, and to the cheering crowd
J. Caesar's corpse got up and bowed,
And then lay down and died some more.

And then got up for an encore—
—W. D. Nesbitt, in Canadian Month'y

HOME AND SOCIETY

(Continued from page four.)

ful specimens: Rings, brooches, chains, pendants, now so popular and varied in design; scarf-pins, watches, earrings and bracelets.

In platinum settings, and the odd plaque designs, the necklets are specially beautiful, this year and are selling very rapidly.

Mr. Watcher has such magnificent loose stones just ready to set to any one's fancy, and these, I imagine, will find ready purchasers before Christmas.

If you are modest, and have a penchant for useful gifts, you can become the possessor of any one of a fine selection of mahogany and out-of-the-ordinary looking chests. There, too, there is a beautiful display of

Karnak brass, canes, silver-deposit articles of luxury, etc.; a splendid choice, and sure to meet with the recipient's approval.

When you are gift-hunting, I commend you this shop of lovely things, and feel sure you will find there just what you are searching for.

One of the receptions too late to chronicle last week, was Mrs. Murray Miller's on Thursday afternoon, when Mrs. Miller received for the first time, since moving here from Lloydminster.

The rooms were prettily decorated with quantities of cut flowers, the tea-table, where Mrs. Cornwall, Mrs. Duncan Marshall, and Mrs. Frank Walker presided, being done with pink roses and carnations on an exquisite lace tablecloth.

Mrs. Miller received in a becoming gown of dark green chiffon over green satin, and looked exceedingly smart.

Mrs. Duncan Marshall was the hostess of a jolly little luncheon of eight covers on Wednesday, the guests being Mrs. Sifton, Mrs. C. H. Mitchell, Mrs. Jennings, Mrs. Howard Douglas, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. MacArthur, Miss McNaught and Miss Patterson.

The table was a picture with a great shower of pink roses in the centre, and Mrs. Marshall wore a modish blouse of green fish net over white satin, with a trim tailored skirt.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Cornwall entertained a box party for "The Liars," afterwards giving a very smart supper party at the King Edward Grill, the guests including Mr. and Mrs. Lowes of Calgary.

Mrs. Charlesworth has issued cards for an "At Home" on Monday, December 19th.

On Tuesday evening the members of the North Star Chapter, No. 104 of the A. F. and A. M., were at Home to their friends and a most enjoyable evening was spent. The installation of officers was followed by a concert in the lodge rooms, in the course of which an address was given by Grand Lecturer Nixon. Adjournment was then made to the Separate School Hall, where a dance was held. Turner's Orchestra supplying excellent music. The officers of the lodge are George J. McLeod, first principal, Charles McDonald, second principal, F. S. Watson, third principal, J. J. Dunlop, scribe E. Dr. Darling, scribe N.

HUDSON'S BAY Co.

The Grand traders of the Great West

PRICES at the Christmas Store

When Winter's over you may see prices as low as these, but no other store, we are sure, will make them right in the heart of the season. Not all of the holiday sale bargains are mentioned to-day, but enough to convince you that it is a money-saving opportunity well worth taking advantage of. **IT'S TO YOUR ADVANTAGE TO SHOP IN THE MORNINGS.**

Suits and Coats at Next January Prices

It is customary to hold clearing sales in January and to radically reduce the prices of winter garments for such an occasion. But we are not in the habit of doing customary things. We would rather hold a sale that gives you the reduction now, instead of next January—and that's what we shall do tomorrow. This sale gives you the garments a month ahead of time, so that you can get the benefit of them during the cold weather of December.

Women's Fashionable Tailored Suits

Women who will take advantage of this sale will find very few of this season's specially favored styles, colors or materials missing from these collections. We have included our entire stock of Tailored Suits in this sale—but the greatest values are offered at the prices quoted below:

OUR \$35.00 SUITS WILL GO AT \$19.00
OUR \$20.00 SUITS WILL GO AT \$11.95

Stylish Cloth Coats—Great Saving

Women's Cloth Coats in this season's novelties and wanted materials, diagonal serges, beavers, broadcloth and korse, in colors black; navy, brown and green. Full length styles. The cheapest coat would retail at \$18.00 and the best at \$22.50 Your choice tomorrow

\$11.95

Two Splendid Fur Trimmed Coat Offerings

Women's Fur Trimmed Coats made of heavy beaver and korse cloth, quilted and moccotte lined, Western sable collar and revers (Hudson's Bay Co.'s quality fur) Navy green and black only in colors. Our reg. \$27.50 values. Tomorrow \$21.50
ANOTHER LINE, reg. \$32.50 and \$35.00 Tomorrow \$27.50
ALL FUR COATS 20 PER CENT. OFF REG. MARKED PRICES

Attractive Waist Special at \$4.95

Women's Fancy Waists in this season's newest effects in Persian and shot silk effects and all-over lace. All sizes from 34 to 42. Reg. \$5.50, \$6.00, to \$8.50. Wednesday Sale \$4.95

THE STAFF'S ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

The staff of the Saturday News desires to tender its acknowledgements to Mr. H. V. Shaw for the gift of a box of his famous La Palma Cigars

"The Love of the Wild," "The Dop Doctor," "Handicap," and "Mistress of Shenstone," are among the best novels this year. Little has 'em.

THE HEROISM OF THE COMMON MAN.

(Continued from page one.)

The memory of a man like Alderson cannot be paid too much honor to. To do so is to stimulate others to prepare themselves for rising to emergencies in the way that he did. Few

of us have the abilities to become great statesmen or generals, and if we had to how many is the chance likely to come to display them. To pay tribute to their achievements is all very well in its way, but what does it accomplish in the way of inducing others to follow their examples? Is it not better to devote our attention to showing some outward mark of our appreciation of the virtues of those found in the humbler walks of life in close touch with our own?

derground when fire broke out at the mouth of the mine on the south bank of the river. For a day or so the newspapers were full of praise of his deed and now doubtless the majority of those who lived here then will have forgotten his name. It is not right that it should be so. Such neglect must have the effect of implanting altogether wrong ideals in the minds of the rising generation. One of the greatest poems ever written is Colonel John Hay's "Wreck of the Prairie Bell," not because it measures up to the ordinary canons of literary perfection, but because in Jim Bludso he places on the pedestal every man who does the heroic thing, with no trumpets blowing and in the pursuit of what he considers his simple duty.

ON LIKING ONE'S JOB

How to Be Happy Though Working

Mr. S. M. Crothers, in the 'Atlantic Monthly,' has a very vivacious paper 'On Liking One's Job,' in which he throws some light on the problem of what makes work a pleasure, and denies that it is necessary to be miserable in doing one's work, or even in doing good!

"Among the most persistent of my early dreams was that of being a missionary," says Mr. Crothers. "I wanted to be a missionary before it occurred to me that I had any particular doctrine to communicate or manner of life to recommend. Indeed I now perceive that my call was more of Nature than of Grace.

"I wanted to be a missionary because I longed to go on missionary journeys. The call of the wild, the lure of the unknown, the fascination of terrestrial mystery, takes many forms. It is all a part of the romance of geography, which has survived even the invention of maps.

"When one is eleven and going on twelve, there comes a great longing to go to the Antipodes, to visit Na Man's Land; to wander through forsaken cities, to climb lonely towers, and to look out through

"Magic casements opening on the foam Of perilous seas."

"In different generations this demand has been variously met. The institutions of civilization, besides their primary objects, have had the secondary function of satisfying the youthful desire to go into a far country, a desire not of the prodigal alone. Patriotism, religion, commerce, each has its fingerpost pointing to the unknown."

Was Grandmother Right?

When the writer of the article wanted to be a missionary because he had heard of one who "had crossed deserts in caravans and had escaped perils of robbers," when he fell in love with Persia and read Thomas Moore's 'Lalla Rookh,' and the 'Arabian Nights,' and was saturated with the glow and color of the East, his grandmother checked him, for she said: "You must not go as a missionary to Persia, for if you do the Persians will convert you."

Now he asks, "Was my grandmother right in thinking that my pleasure in Persia was likely to be a detriment to my usefulness? Was I less likely to do good to the Persians because I thought well of them to begin with? And would it have been a waste of time if, after a term of years, I had partly converted the Persians and the Persians had partly converted me? May there not be a profitable reciprocity in spiritual influence?"

"In attempting to answer such questions we encounter the prejudice which exists among the more moral and intellectual classes against mixed motives. There seems something especially meritorious in the more unpleasing manifestations of duty, as then we are free from any doubts as to its being the genuine article: If the duty happens not to be disagreeable, we try to make it appear so. Thus, a patriotic citizen, being nominated for an office of dignity, is careful to inform his constituents that he 'disciple came' to Confucius, and with that admirable directness in asking questions characteristic of Chinamen, enquired, 'Master, are you a sage?' Confucius answered, 'No, I am not a sage; I am only one who learns without getting tired.'"

"There was John Wesley. His 'Journal,' with its record of indefatigable labor, is one of the cheeriest books in the language. What a rare good time he had! When he was eighty-seven he could say, 'I do not remember to have felt lowness of spirits for a quarter of an hour since I was born.' For more than sixty years this indefatigable pleasure-seeker had been doing as he pleased. Up every day in time to preach at 5 o'clock in the morning; then over the hills or through the pleasant lanes to preach again at about the time lady citizens were ready for breakfast; off again on horseback or by chaise or in a lumbering stage-coach, for more preaching to vast crowds of sinners—just the kind of sinners he liked to preach to. Between sermons he refreshed his mind with all sorts and conditions of books.

"When we read Borrow's 'Bible in Spain,' we feel that Borrow would have gone to Spain any way, even if there had been no Bibles to distribute. Nevertheless his natural affinity for gypsies, mulattoes, and picturesque vagabonds of all sorts enabled him to carry the Bible into out-of-the-way places which would never have been dreamed of by a zealous person of sedentary habits.

"There is always something to be said in favor of the strong bent of the spirit, whether it tends toward Connecticut or Persia."

It's not the blessed country. She's a dandy, it must go; It's just my own self, that is to blame. I've never learned better people way

On the prairie, I am dory, down the mine. And the wages I gather in I seem to just amuse myself. Though I make my calculations pretty fine.

Now I'm sore about my back up, And I've added to my sorrow, And it's this — that I will never more return

To the country I was born in, If it's twenty years from now, Till I've learned the dirt and learned, when I must learn

It's not the blessed country. She's a dandy, it must go; It's just my own self, that is to blame.

I've never learned better people way

Enduring, like a lamb, The trials and the troubles of your lives;

The men, who've got you under, Do you think they give a damn For your future, for your little ones and wives?

This land is of your choosing, Do not let it be your losing. Turn the land and do it quickly, do it now:

Pause a little while to figure, Let it make you broader, bigger. Fill your heart and soul with vigor

—WIN YOUR VOW.

J. L. IRWIN.

December 3rd, 1910.

WOMAN CHANGING TO MASCULINITY?

That the physical type of womanhood has undergone a tremendous change in the short space of twenty years and is approaching that of the opposite sex is the belief of Dr. Dudley Allen Sargent, director of the Sargent and Harvard gymnasiums in Cambridge, Mass., who is recognized throughout this country as the foremost authority of the day on the physical development of women.

Twenty years ago, according to Dr.

developed. Her hips, on the other hand, are not so large as they once were. The entire pelvic region has decreased in size, and the result has been an enlargement of the waist. The small waist is a thing of the past.

"Her neck is thicker and more muscular; her limbs more smoothly developed; her hands and feet are larger. In every respect of which we are making measurements of many women daily take note, the woman of today is getting to be more like man. Her chest has been said to be flatter. I should hardly wish to endorse that opinion. It is true, however, that her chest may appear flatter, because, I am glad to say, the corset which formerly forced it upward, has of late been somewhat modified.

"It is this modification of the corset which is responsible for the betterment of woman's figure. The tightly laced corset is no longer in style but seems to be replaced by the corset waist. Thus both the upper and lower parts of the trunk have more room. The chest is therefore larger and better developed. In certain persons as in Miss De Capetan, who is constantly doing trapeze work, and other things which tend to develop it, the chest has developed to an extreme degree, and is stronger than that of many a man.

Athletics Responsible

"The modification of the corset, as I have said, is one reason for the change in woman's physique. Another reason is that within the last twenty years women have done more in the way of athletics than they did formerly. Golf, tennis, running and swimming have done much to improve woman's physical development. Being the sports which one naturally takes to be masculine, they have the inevitable result of making those who indulge in them more like men.

"For it is a rule to which one may take few exceptions that if a man devotes himself to the activities of a woman, or if a woman devotes herself to the activities of a man, there is bound to be a loss of sex. And it is admitted that is one of the tendencies of our time. It is a result of commercialism. We find a great many women do work which men ought to do, and vice versa.

"This approximation of man's physique to that of woman, from the anthropological point of view, is a bad thing. It is what we hoped that men and women will all grow to be more alike than they are today. The same may be said of men. From the overdeveloped Sandow, man has changed to the effeminate and the effeminate being. The assimilation of the sexes by each other is a possibility to be dreaded."

A TRADITION OF THE TOLSTOY STORY FAMILY.

(Manchester Guardian.)

The traditional story of the rise of the Tolstoy family may not be true, but it is a very good story of its kind. It was in the early part of the seventeenth century that a certain prince of the boyardom was standing sentry before the entrance to the Tsar's private apartments. A nobleman of high rank approached and attempted to force his way past. The soldier, respectfully interposing his weapon, mentioned the strict orders he had received. This nobleman haughtily reminded the man of his name and rank, but this had no effect, and in a passion he lashed the man across the face with his switch. At the moment the door opened and the Tsar appeared, and asked the meaning of the disturbance.

The nobleman explained. Then Tsar listened carefully till he had finished, then turned to the soldier: "You, Tolstoy, were struck by this gentleman for obeying orders. Take my cane and strike him as he stands you."

"But, your Majesty," interrupted the nobleman, "this man is a commoner's child."

"Then I make him a captain."

"But I am an officer of your Majesty's Household."

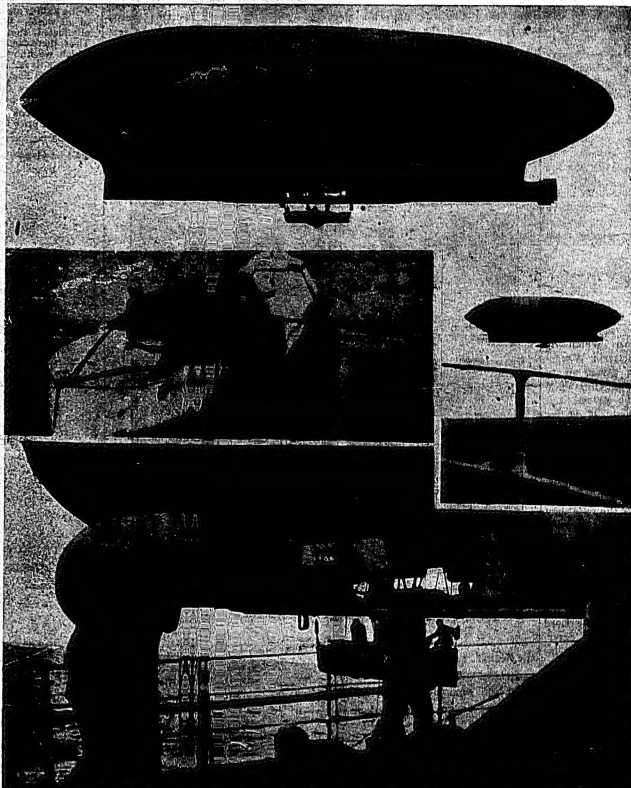
"I make him a colonel of my Life Guards."

"My rank, as your Majesty knows, is that of general."

"Then I make him a general, so that the beating you will get will be from a man of your own rank."

Whether the beating was or was not returned is not recorded, but on that day the young soldier was commissioned a general of the Russian army and created a count of the Empire.

THRILLING RESCUE AT SEA OF THE CREW OF THE AIRSHIP "AMERICA"



Copyright by Charles F. Hoeppner, from Underwood & Underwood, New York.

1. Making the first attempt at rescue—the large balloon within 200 feet. 2. Airship over bow of "Trent"—a very dangerous moment. Showing motion of balloon after an unsuccessful attempt at rescue, drifting out to sea again. 4. Helicopter and crew after cutting away from the airship near the "Trent"—the crew were then hoisted into the deck. The photos were made from the deck of the good ship "Trent," which rescued the party.

THE WESTERNER, WHO HAS YET TO SUCCEED.

I have been in Old Kentucky, And I've been in Tennessee, And I've travelled over half the globe by now—

In the strange alluring climates Of the lands beyond the sea, But it's over and I've settled—made a vow.

I've vowed I'll cut out roving, That the blessed life don't pay, That it makes you discontented, gives no rest; And I'm here in Western Canada To take part in the fray, And I'm going to make her hand me out the best.

The lucky ones have made their pile, Have made a fortune or two, And half a million people seem to thrive; But I and my associates Are always in the ditch, Just fighting hard and struggling to survive.

I've worked at every blessed job, That I can find to do,

To get out of this wood, And that it's a job to turn on the sand.

No more of money for a wage, That hardly pays the rent, And help to keep the boys a-ready drink; I'll start out for myself this time On me and mine, I'll bet, And a lightning hand to those who don't like the life.

It's kill or move this time all right, Just purely drink or swim, No more of this and half will do for me. I'll either have my glory And satisfy my pride, Or say go to my bed and pull right out to sea.

Ten years in Western Canada, And I'll make a good life this trip I know, I'll bet, So here's to all the boys, For I'm bushed for the prize, And the lightning hand to those who don't like the life.

And listen to those who slave and And listen to those who slave and

AGINCOURT.

From the London Chronicle.

Agincourt, from which Henry V. made his triumphal entry into London for the second time yesterday, is our English way of spelling Agincourt, as Blenheim is a similar corruption of Blenheim. In about two and a half hours Henry's little army slew 10,000 Frenchmen, nearly twice as many as we lost outright in battle during our Boer war, lasting over two and a half years—anyway we talk complacently of our "modern arms of precision." A monument at Agincourt marks the cemetery of the slain. Few battlefields have changed their appearance so little. The field may have reached within a railway hour from Boulogne, but few tourists go to the scene of the most wonderful feat of arms of our race.

A good man is he who does great and good things, though he risks everything by it.—Marius.

The wise man is never satisfied that he knows, but the foolish knows that he is satisfied.—Prideaux.

Sargent's statements, woman's ultra-feminine characteristics—small waist, large hips, small feet, etc.—were overdeveloped, and she was the positive antithesis of man in physical proportions. Today her physique has become revolutionized, he says, and already approximates that of the other sex. This great evolution has taken place, says Dr. Sargent, since 1890.

Reversion to Savage Type?

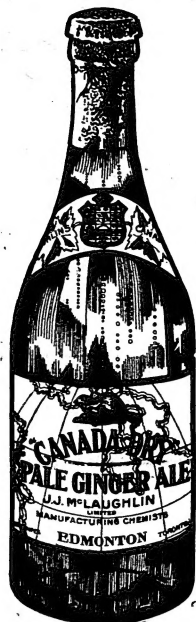
"Although I have no actual figures to verify the statement," he said, "I know for a fact that the women of today are more manlike than the women of that time. Women in the savage state were so like men in form that it was well-nigh impossible to tell them apart. Then, as civilization progressed, their especially feminine characteristics became accentuated until the exaggeration was almost painful to look at.

"Since that time woman's physique has been thoroughly made over. It is approximating that of man. The sloping shoulders of her grandmother's time have disappeared. They are no longer in fashion. They are no longer desired. In their place we find well-knit, athletic shoulders—broad ones. Her back, likewise, is better



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Beware of imitations Sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT

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Is a wet proposition and more than half the time both you and the plumber are to blame. You're no business to hire a blacksmith to do your plumbing. If you get us, you're sure it's right.

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costs a shade more than worthless work. It is "money in the bank" and besides that, it saves a lot of words not fit to print.

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IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD



At the annual meeting of the Renfrew hockey club the other night it was announced that \$15,000 was paid out in salaries to players last year. "The revenue of course," the report adds, "did not cover expenses but the club went into the game for advertising purposes, and not expecting to make money, was well satisfied with the outcome."

Such policy certainly doesn't help sport. We are plainly told what its purpose is. But how does the advertisement received help a town? Does it bring more people to live there who are worth anything to it? The old argument was that by such expenditure interest in a game was aroused and local players would be brought along to keep it going. Such an assumption is perfectly groundless, as the experience of scores of Canadian towns and cities that have gone into lacrosse and hockey on this basis have shown. The Renfrew people, however, incidentally do the cause of genuine sport a good service by stating their object so plainly and boastfully. This must have the effect of creating general disgust and keeping other places from following their example.

London Referee:—A pertinent answer to a great many questions is that "it all depends upon circumstances," and this seems to be the answer to the question which is now agitating some writers: Whether too much time is given up to games. Everything depends upon how the time would be passed if it were otherwise occupied. It is far better to be idle than to do mischief, and the question is hopelessly vague, moreover, for one wants to know how much constitutes too much? A not inconsiderable number of people, for instance, having secured blue tickets or red tickets, as the case may be, went to see what they regarded as the attractive show at the Old Bailey the other day, where they were gratified not only by the spectacle of Crippen in the dock, but by that of a popular musical comedy actress somewhere, it appears, in the immediate neighborhood of the Lord Chief Justice. "Visiting to that entertainment would really have been infinitely better employed watching a game of football or attending a race meeting."

The English racing season came to a close two weeks ago with a small meeting at Manchester, and except that the closing events might decide the supremacy between Frank Wootton, the English jockey, and Danny Maher, the American, the leaders among the winning owners, horses and stallions have been apparent for some time. Almost from the start, or at least since the Derby was won by Lemberg, Mr. Fairie, owner of the great colt, has been on the top of the column devoted to winning owners, with Lord Derby in second place. For a while Lord Rosebery held the third position, but Harry Payne Whitney's string did splendid work toward the end, with the result that he replaced Lord Rosebery in third place, where he finishes with a respectable total. It was the hope for a long time that the young American owner would have the credit of winning the most races, but he led until very recently, when Lord Derby scored some wins which gave him the pride of place.

Out of the 16 leading horses, the smallest winner cleared over \$15,000. Lemberg, winner of the Derby and other big races, is easily the best, with a total more than twice more than his nearest rival. His total is \$192,195, and as he holds all the big four-year-old weight for age, and important handicap engagements he should prove a valuable colt to Mr. Fairie before he quits the track. Swynford, who, it will be remembered, won the St. Leger, beating Lemberg and others, finishes in fourth place and was the chief winner for Lord Derby. He began the season in very poor shape, so poor that around Epsom classic he was rated anywhere from twenty-five to thirty pounds behind Lemberg or Neil Gow. Before going into winter quarters he won the Liverpool St. Leger, having

a walkover for the event. He is said to be a colt of grand quality and is more than liable to do something. He is the best of the juveniles, and in the total for the year he is in front of Scaforth, St. Nat, Pietri and Cellini, the quartet of youngsters who figure among the first sixteen. Not one of the five, however, approaches the sum made by Bayardo when he cleared \$76,000 as a two-year-old.

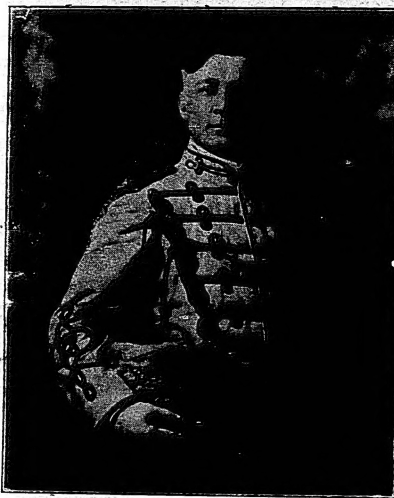
A writer in the Toronto Star has some observations to make which will come close home to many of us. "Did you ever belong," he asks, "to a junior lacrosse or baseball team in a village when you were a boy? Do you remember the chief enthusiast of the organization? Perhaps he was a spindle-legged, narrow-chested, gentle little lad, but there was fire in his eye when the game went out to practice. If the game was basketball he was a failure at the bat, but on his weakest he ran for first base and over it as if his life depended on getting to the bag before the ball. He put all his boyish force of will and bodily vitality into every play he made. But he did more than that. If uniforms were wanted he took the matter in hand, for he took a tremendous pride in

may be said to start on the baseball diamond or the lacrosse field?

The passage of the years is brought home to us by the statement that I came across an Eastern paper the other day about Hendrie's Maritmas was nearly fifteen years old. It was in 1898 that the news flashed over the wire that the had won the Futur-e ever pulled off the big event.

He is a beautiful chestnut in color, and is a model in conformation. He is not a big horse in height, as he stands but 15.2 hands, but nevertheless he is one of the made-to-order kind, and he invariably imparts his excellent qualities to his off-spring. In blood lines, he comes from a winning family on each side of the house, as his sire, imp. Candemas, a son of Hermit-Pupsee (dam of St. Blaise), by Marsyas, won many important races, including the Epsom Grand Prize, Royal Stakes, Autumn Cup, etc., and his dam Biggus, a daughter of Bramble — Bobinet, by Brown Dick, was good enough to win the Withers Stakes at Jerome Park.

Besides the Futurity, Martimas won several other important events as a 2-year-old, and finished the season with \$41,140 to his credit.



JACK WESTERMAN

In 'A Royal Prisoner,' to be presented at the Empire Theatre soon.

the team's uniform. If the club's exchequer could not furnish the full regulation equipment of bats, balls, mask, and so on, the enthusiast of his heming pigeons and rabbits, skimped himself in pocket money, and saw that the proper purchases were made. Several of the best players were rather tough and careless youngsters. They played like lions on the field, but they had no imagination, no permanent enthusiasm. When the team was almost ready to drive over to play against the juvenile experts of a rival village, some of these boys would announce that they couldn't go. They hadn't any money, perhaps, or they had chores to do at home. Then the enthusiastic would get fiercely busy, and round up the team, displaying resourcefulness worthy of a railroad president. Perhaps when the bus was ready to start, he would discover that a careless player had no uniform but didn't think it mattered—he could play just as well without it. At this the enthusiast would boil over. Play a match without a uniform! What kind of a team would they have if they didn't even look like a real team! Where would be their esprit de corps! And he would see that the bus didn't start until that missing uniform was on board. Yes, that weedy boy was not a very husky individual player, but his fierce, burning enthusiasm made him the life and spirit of his team."

Who can't fill out the picture for himself? How many there are who received their first and best training in the handling of men under such circumstances as these? I never see such a boy-leader but what I want to take hold of him and see to it that he gets every chance to bring the qualities into play in real life as he is coming for so much in connection with team management. If Waterloo was won on the playing-grounds of Eton, how many great business and professional careers

As a 3-year-old he won the Canadian Derby and Nautilus Stake, and the next year he won the Toronto Cup and Spencer Handicap.

In his career on the turf, which extended over a period of three years he won \$52,000, which is the largest amount ever won by any Canadian-owned horse.

Martimas has proved himself a successful sire, having to his credit such good performers as Kelvin (King's Plate winner), Shimonese (King's Plate winner), Glimmer, Kelpie, etc., all noted winners. As evidence of his popularity as a sire, it might be stated that a yearling filly by Martimas and out of Lyddite, therefore an own sister to Shimonese, recently sold for \$1,050 at auction in Toronto, and it is pleasing to note that the buyer is a Canadian, who shows in confidence in the future of the thoroughbred in this country.

Martimas has been kept at a private station at Valley Farm, Hamilton, otherwise he certainly would have had many more winners to his credit, as his opportunity in the stud, has naturally been limited.

The recent article in this department on the hearing which an athlete's system of training has on his ability to "come back" has aroused much interest and this clipping from a contribution to Outing by Dr. Hutchinson has been sent me.

"Here is, therefore," he writes, "absolutely no inherent or necessary danger to the heart in athletics. It is only unintelligent or mistaken systems of training that are at fault, as certain methods of training have been, it may be broadly stated, even admitting the charges brought against athletics of deaths and life-long disabilities from over-trained and dilated hearts, that the extraordinary growth and popularity of athletics in the past fifteen years have benefited, at least ten times as they have injured. The worst and most dangerous form of exercise for the heart is none at all.

HELPLESS CRIPPLE FROM RHEUMATISM Five Boxes Of "Fruit-a-lives" Cured Her

4 HOMER PLACE, TORONTO, DEC. 15th, 1909.

"I was a terrible sufferer from Rheumatism for nearly a year, and my right arm was swollen and the pain was fearful. All down the right side, the pain was dreadful, and I could hardly move for the agony. I was treated by two physicians but their medicine did me no good, and I tried numerous other remedies but received no benefit. I was simply a helpless cripple and suffered from Rheumatism all during last winter.

I saw "Fruit-a-lives" advertised in "The Telegram" and decided to try this remedy. After I had taken one box, I was much better and the pain less, and I continued the treatment with good hopes. When I had taken three boxes, I was so well that I could use my arm again and the pain was practically gone. After I had taken five boxes, I was entirely well again—no pain—no suffering—and now I am as WELL as I ever was.

The cure of my case by "Fruit-a-lives" was indeed splendid, because all the doctors failed to even relieve me of my sufferings.

For the sake of others who may suffer from this terrible disease, Rheumatism, I give you permission to publish this statement."

Mrs. LIZZIE BAXTER.

"Fruit-a-lives" is the only remedy that actually cures Rheumatism, and Sciatica because "Fruit-a-lives" is the only medicine that actually prevents Uric Acid being formed in any quantity in the body. If there is no excess of uric acid in the blood, there can be no Rheumatism.

"Fruit-a-lives" keeps the stomach clean—the liver active—the bowels regular—the kidney strong and the skin healthy. These are the organs that rid the body of all waste. When "Fruit-a-lives" so regulates the system that all waste is eliminated, then there can be no waste or "uric" to be changed into uric acid. Thus, there can be no uric acid in the blood, to inflame nerves and cause the pain which we know by the names of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia. "Fruit-a-lives" will cure every trace of Rheumatism, Pain In The Back, Swollen Hands and Feet, and other troubles due to the blood being poisoned by uric acid. If you are subject to Rheumatism, cure yourself now with "Fruit-a-lives" and be free of pain this winter.

See a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 50c. At all dealers, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

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Scalp Treatments, Manicuring
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Find expression in our special assortments for Christmas.

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DIAMOND SET CUFF LINKS

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SOLID GOLD MATCH BOX

\$25.00

SOLID GOLD HANDLED KNIFE

\$8.75

SOLID GOLD CIGAR CUTTER

\$6.00

SOLID GOLD PENCIL

\$8.00

FOURTEEN KARAT STICK PIN WITH SEVEN WHOLE PEARLS

\$5.50

SILVER PENCIL

75c

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Quality Jeweler

38 Jasper West



When a newspaper receives letters in which the correspondent makes an appeal on the strength of being "one of your original subscribers," the editor lifts his chin at least an inch and a half and makes the mental observation that he is some journalist at last. Such a letter is not infrequently laid on the Lounger's desk nowadays. One this week made a request for republication of Judge Mulligan's famous poem on Kentucky. The hunt for it led away back to one of first issues of The Saturday News but here it is:

The moonlight falls the softest
In Kentucky.
The summer days come ofttest
In Kentucky;
Friendship is the strongest
Love's light glows the longest.
Yet wrong is always wrongest
In Kentucky.

Life's burdens bear the lightest
In Kentucky.
The home fires burn the brightest
In Kentucky.
While players are the keenest
Cards come out the meanest
The pocket empties cleanest
In Kentucky.

The sun shines ever bright est
In Kentucky.
The breezes whisper lightest
In Kentucky.
Plain girls are the fewest,
Maidens' eyes are the bluest,
Their little hearts are truest
In Kentucky.

Orators are the grandest
In Kentucky.
Officials are blandest
In Kentucky.
Boys are all the finest,
Dangers ever nightest,
And taxes are the highest
In Kentucky.

The blue grass waves the bluest
Yet bluebloods are the fewest
In Kentucky.
Moonshine is the clearest,
By no means the dearest,
And yet it acts the queerest
In Kentucky.

The dove notes are the saddest
In Kentucky.
The streams dance on the gladdest
In Kentucky.
Hip pockets are the thickest,
Pistol hands the slickest,
The cylinder turns the quickest
In Kentucky.

The songbirds are the sweetest
In Kentucky.
The thoroughbreds are the fleetest
In Kentucky.
Mountains tower proudest,
Thunder peals the loudest,
The landscape is the grandest,
And politics the d—t
In Kentucky.

Of course Judge Mulligan wrote some years before Alberta came on the political scene.

No one needs to be told what makes Kentucky famous and it is not remarkable, therefore, that it makes an appeal to the imagination of a large section of the people of this continent. Its famous toast proclaims its titles to distinction. Here's to the State of Kentucky, The State where I was born, Where the corn is full of kernels And the colons full of corn. But sometimes it gets beyond the colonel stage and produces a first-class general. Such a one is Simon B. Buckner, a veteran of the Mexican and civil wars and once candidate for vice-president. At the age of 87 he describes himself as the happiest man in the world.

The other day he undertook to tell in a public address what underlay his happiness, and here is what he said:

"I am living in the same old log cabin on my farm in old Hart county that I was born in. That cabin is 103 years old. My father built it, and it is in as good a state of preser-

vation to-day as any one could wish I raise my own tobacco and I have a fine mint bed, and my old dog General wags his tail every time I walk into the front yard. There is a good spring just outside the door. The water just rushes from the rocks, and is as cool and pure as any water in the world. Along the banks of the little stream that trickles from the spring grows the finest mint in the world. This water and this mint when combined with a little of Kentucky's best spirits make the finest mint julep in the world."

Where in ancient or modern literature is a more idyllic picture to be found than this?

Most wonderful things are happening in Canada these days. The following paragraph is taken from the London Yachtsman of recent date:

"The steam yacht Sheelah, owned by Mr. J. Ross, of Montreal, and commanded by Captain Herbert, of Cowes, has arrived at Southampton after an eventful voyage. She took her owner aboard at Quebec, and went up to the Great Lakes as far as Port Arthur, on Lake Superior, passing through forty-eight locks, and crossing over Niagara. The Sheelah is the longest vessel that has ever passed over the famous falls. On the journey down the yacht shot the rapids, a hazardous trip, which, thanks to the skill with which she was navigated, was successfully accomplished."

What will these Montreal millionaires do next?

As the train neared Stratheona, the colored porter approached the jovial-faced gentleman, saying, with a smile:

"Shall Ah brush yo' off, sah?"

"No," he replied; "I prefer to get off in the usual manner."

"Why are you weeping, little boy?"

"I broke de pitcher."

"Well, there's no use crying over spilt milk."

"G-wan! Dis wuz beer!"

A fashionable photographer has undoubtedly attained the pinnacle of tactful achievement. A woman with a decided squint came to him for a photograph.

"Will you permit me," he said promptly, "to take your portrait in profile? There is a certain shyness about one of your eyes which is as difficult in art as it is fascinating in nature."

"Your sister's a long time about making her appearance," suggested the caller. "Well," said the little brother, "she'd be a sight if she came down without making it."

"Oh, that my son should wish to marry an actress!" shrieked the proud patrician mother. "Now, ma; don't take on so," beseeched the undutiful heir. "She isn't really an actress, she only thinks she is."

She (during a squabble)—Didn't you promise before we were married to try hard to be worthy of me?"

He—"Yes," and what's the result—I overdid the job and made myself a hang sight better than you deserve."

"I see that you have a young man stenographer."

"Yes."

"Don't you think a pretty girl stenographer adds a great deal to the attractiveness of an office?"

"I suppose she does, but I can't dictate to a woman, somehow."

"I suppose it's because I have been married so long."

"Queer, isn't it, that a lawyer should be such a lover of dogs?"

"What is there queer about it?"

"It is more natural-like for a lawyer to become attached to something more in the fee-line species."

Don't be a Johnny. A fellow has to hustle now and do his daily chores, And furthermore be careful how He hangs around stage doors.

The stage door is a garish spot. A risky place to lurk, And loosing there has put a lot Of fellows out of work.

I am living in the same old log cabin on my farm in old Hart county that I was born in. That cabin is 103 years old. My father built it, and it is in as good a state of preser-

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT

(Revised Version)

An ant met a hopper on the road—
All frosty was the way;
"Pass on," said the ant; "do not un-load
Your tale of woe today;
Don't tell me how you've tried in vain
To save a winter's store;
Your hard luck yarn gives me a pain—
It goes with me no more."

"You've rioted all season long—
You scamp, you it not—
I've heard your music rising strong
When summer days were hot;
You've failed to garner when you might,
And saved not when you ought;
Pass on, and die this very night—
For wasters I have naught."

"Good friend, you err," the hopper said;
"Fall finds me not distressed;
I've food in plenty, tabloided,
In pockets of my vest;
At silken garments that I wear
Let envy fill your lamps;
I've wealth, and ne'er a carking care—
I picked the baseball camp!"
—Arthur Chapman in Denver Republican.

HE KNOWS WHAT FIXED HIM UP

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured S. D. Vickar's Lumbago.

He Suffered three years, but the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy Made Short Work of His Trouble. Edenbridge, Sask., Dec. 12 (Special).—"It was one box of Dodd's Kidney Pills that fixed me up." This is the cheerful answer Mr. Sam. D. Vickar is giving his inquiring neighbors in the district. Everybody around her knows that for three years he has been suffering from Lumbago. Now he's strong and well again.

"My Lumbago developed from a cold," Mr. Vickar goes on to say. "My head would ache. I was always tired and nervous. I had a bitter taste in my mouth in the morning, was troubled with dizzy spells and was always thirsty. The doctor told me I had Lumbago, but did not help me very much. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me."

Dodd's Kidney Pills went straight to the root of the trouble. They cured his kidneys. The cured Kidneys strained the uric acid out of the blood, and Mr. Vickar's Lumbago vanished. Dodd's Kidney Pills are no cure-all. They simply cure sick kidneys. They never fail to do that.

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Regular 50c and 60c Teas to everybody in five-pound packages at 15 to 20 per cent discount.

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HIS POLITICS ENGLAND.

In his review of the latest life of Disraeli, the London Mail says: "For the graver side of politics Disraeli had a natural aptitude. Never did he doubt of his ultimate success. When Lord Melbourne asked him what he wanted he had no hesitation in saying 'to be Prime Minister.' Here is his account of a visit to the House of Commons in the early part of 1845. 'Went to the House of Commons to hear Bulwer adjourn the House; was there yesterday during the whole debate—one of the finest we have had for years. Bulwer spoke, but he is physically disqualified for an orator; and, in spite of all his exertions, never can succeed. He was heard with great attention, and is evidently backed by a party. Heard Macaulay's best speech, Sheil and Charles Grant. Macaulay admirable; but, between ourselves, I could floor them all. This entire noon; I was never more confident of anything than that I could carry everything before me in the House.' So he pitted himself against the best—against Sheil and

Macaulay—and felt himself their master. He has been charged always with inconsistency, and never was there a more consistent politician. 'I am

not a Whig, nor Tory,' such is his invariable attitude. 'My policy is a policy described by one word, and that word is England.' And again, 'I am loyal, for party I stand here

without party. I plead these causes for the people, and I care not who calls me a Whig or a Tory.' The party which policy he arraigned with the light of hope was the Whigs. 'As for my attitude, a Radical I understand,' said he, 'when I see a Whig, a democrat, an aristocrat, I cannot comprehend him.' In his famous speech at Cannon Row he elaborated his position. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'if there be any men on which I pique myself it is by my consistency. I shall be ready to witness that consistency in the House of Commons or on the hustings at any time. Every man may be attacked on any point, no one ever attacked me twice. Gentlemen, here is my consistency. I have always opposed with the utmost energy the party of which my honorable opponent is a distinguished member. That party I have opposed for reasons which I am prepared to give and to uphold. I look upon the Whigs as an anti-national party. Such was Disraeli in his youth. Such was Lord Beaconsfield in the latter part of his days, and no statesman had a clearer record.

In 1857 Disraeli, now the Baron of Lyndhurst, was returned a member of parliament for Maidstone. Until then Mr. Monypenny had a keen eye for the skill with which the biographer has told his tale, for the sympathetic understanding of a complex character, no praise is too high. It is not easy to disengage a politician from the storm of public discussion, which is the best tribute to his greatness. It is yet more difficult to do justice to a brilliant and successful politician which have been laughed at by the partisan critic and dismissed by their author's supremacy in the larger field of statecraft. Mr. Monypenny has triumphed over all his difficulties and has drawn a magnificent volume, an excellent portrait of Disraeli the Younger. We welcome it to the rest of the work with interest and confidence. The biographer's hardest task is yet to come. It will have shown us the romance of his life, interpreted by Disraeli. He must now draw the curtain on the more prosaic of politics.

GRETA GREEN MARRIAGES.

The decision given recently by the Probate and Divorce Court in England, that a marriage solemnized at Greta Green in 1851 must be regarded as legal and valid, recalls several notable instances of romantic marriages.

For example, Richard Lovell Longworth, the father of the poet, had married his first wife, Mrs. Longworth, at Greta Green. He was an invalid graduate at Oxford at the time, and lived with an heiress. He seems to have had reason, afterwards, to regret the decision, for if one may judge from the remark in his journals that the lamentations of a female with whom one lives do not render one a delightful

Brougham and Erskine, two of the greatest lawyers, were married in the village of Coldstream; while another, Lord Chancellor, John Scott, Viscount Eldon, committed suicide in a cell at Blackshields.

Scott, when twenty-one years of age, persuaded the beautiful daughter of a Newcastle banker to marry away with him. The young lady, escaped from her home by means of a soldier which he had provided, accompanied by her, the escape was a desperate one, and Mrs. Eldon's father died of grief.

Another famous man who is remembered in the annals of Greta Green was the great Admiral, Lord Cochrane, Lord Dundonald. He is a single was bent on marrying an heiress, "instead of which" he was engaged to Miss Barnes, an unmarried beauty, to fly with him to the continent. The gallant officer lost his much-achieved, but vowed that his wife was a rich equivalent.

One of the last scoundrels in the way of elopements to Greta Green, which started English society in a blaze on the disappearance of Lady Adela Villiers, daughter of Lord Jersey, the acknowledged lady of fashion at the time. She was a girl of seventeen, and one day in November, 1845, walked quietly out of her father's house at Brighton to the station, where she was met by Captain Ingham, of the 101st Hussars. They took the train for London, married in Scotland, and were afterwards at Greta Green a few hours before the young lady's brother, who had tracked them, arrived on the scene.

In thanking a friend for a gift of a calendar pad, a colleague expressed his appreciation by remarking that it was very convenient to be able to take a day off at any time. In fact, he found the calendar necessary, "take a whole week off" when tired of study.—Brooklyn Journal.



Scene from "The Travelling Salesman" as presented Saturday night at the Empire Theatre.

ANNOUNCEMENT

In order to demonstrate to you the value of a Victor we will give anyone desiring a free demonstration of what a Victrola Gramophone can really do in the way of providing entertainment and education for the whole family.

All you are required to do is to come to our store and make your request, decide on what evening, choose the songs you would like to hear and we will do the rest. If you would like a concert in your home come and see us.



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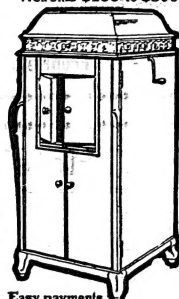
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